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The Shape of Things

THE APPROACH OF SPRING HAS CHECKED THE great Russian offensive in the Ukraine, but it brings a hope of renewed pressure on the Axis in North Africa and Western Europe. In Tunisia Rommel gambled on splitting the Allied forces and lost, though by an uncomfortably close margin. Now he is being forced to relinquish his gains in the center, and the heavy German assaults on the British lines in the north are probably a covering operation rather than a new offensive. With the rainy season drawing to a close and the formidable British Eighth Army completing its reorganization, we may look forward with some confidence to the recovery of Allied initiative in this theater. Meanwhile the rapidly increasing tempo of the Anglo-American aerial offensive in Northwestern Europe has revived hopes of an early invasion of the Continent. Targets have been varied, but the heaviest concentration of bombs last month was reserved for submarine bases and building yards. Reduction of the U-boat menace is, of course, an essential preliminary to the landing of an expeditionary force, which would multiply the strain on Allied shipping. Next must come efforts to paralyze German land communications and to smother the Luftwaffe.

*

FOR MORE THAN TWO AND A HALF YEARS ships of the Fighting French navy and merchant marine have crossed and recrossed the Atlantic carrying goods to our Allies in Britain and Russia and the eastern Mediterranean. Many of them today lie at the bottom of the sea, their sailors with them. And the arrival in American ports of Fighting French ships—and indeed of British ships as well—has been treated as a military secret. No parades of De Gaullist sailors on Fifth Avenue; no parties at City Hall. Contrast the reception given the Richelieu and the other French ships recently arrived in various American ports from Dakar. Their crews have paraded with American troops, their officers have been feted, and Vice-Admiral Fenard has been received by Secretary Knox. No secrecy about the appearance of these prodigal daughters of the French fleet! Evidently the need of the State Department to justify its Vichy policy is more urgent than the precautions previously applied. It's curious, though, how the little triumphs of appeasement always turn to ashes. The whole gaudy

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celebration has been made a mockery by the stream of sailors who, at the rate of fifteen a day, have been deserting the ex-Vichy ships and heading straight for England via Halifax to enlist in the Fighting French navy. They explain that they prefer to fight under officers who give their allegiance to De Gaulle rather than to Pétain. They openly accuse their own officers of fascist sympathies. These sailors are undoubtedly simple people. They don't understand the subtle maneuvers of international diplomacy. But they manage, somehow, to make those maneuvers look pretty contemptible.

*

GANDHI APPEARS TO HAVE SURVIVED HIS twenty-one-day self-imposed fast without permanent injury to his health. This piece of good fortune must be credited both to Gandhi's own amazing constitution and to the beneficent value of sweetened lime juice. His death during the fast would have provoked extremes of disorder in India. His survival brings us no closer to a solution of the Indian problem than we were before his fast was announced, but it has dramatized as nothing else could the continued irreconcilable bitterness of the Indian nationalists, and it would be used by a wise government as an occasion for reopening negotiations. If a compromise settlement is to be reached, Gandhi's approval is indispensable. His high sense of mission may convince him that he was allowed to live so that he might reach a settlement consistent with India's aspirations.

*

"WELLES SAYS NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALLIES to fix peace aims." This New York *Times* headline over the story of the Under Secretary of State's speech at Toronto undoubtedly exaggerated the scope of his proposals. Mr. Welles did not announce or even suggest a conference of the United Nations to discuss war aims in general. He merely gave notice of the intention of the United States government to undertake at once discussions with other members of the United Nations regarding the ways in which machinery might be set up for the purpose of studying "all international aspects of problems under the general heading of freedom from want." No doubt this is a step in the right direction but not exactly a bold one. Nor is it easy to see why the State Department should want to confine its discussions to only one of the four freedoms. For it is hardly possible to talk about freedom from want without getting into the question of freedom from fear. There has been a good deal of rather vague talk in Washington about using the lend-lease agreements as the basis of a post-war plan for worldwide economic cooperation. But another school of thought, with representatives both in Congress and the Administration, is beginning to regard lend-lease as a lever which should be used to prize concessions from our Allies now. Mrs. Luce, in her famous speech, hinted that we should exploit our position as the arsenal of democracy to procure American domination of post-war air transport, and some of her colleagues on Capitol Hill have even more ambitious ideas in this direction. Secretary of the Navy Knox also wants to cash in on lend-lease by using it for bargaining purposes in acquiring overseas bases. If this grabster spirit is to inspire our approach to war aims, conferences are worthless, for the four freedoms will prove stillborn.

*

NOT EVEN IN THE MIDDLE OF A "WAR FOR survival" can we escape the obligation to elect a President every four years. So for the next eighteen months we must expect politics as usual. In Washington a good many members of Congress seem more intent on stopping Roosevelt in 1944 than on defeating Hitler in 1943. Mr. Farley is roaming the country trying to make friends and influence people, and in every state in the Union Republicans are coyly allowing their faithful followers to advertise their qualifications. Wendell Willkie, after testing the temperature in his native Indiana, has stripped for action and plunged into the political waters—the only avowed candidate among a herd of G. O. P. hopefuls. We welcome this move, for although we have our fingers tightly crossed, especially in regard to his undisclosed domestic program, we honor him for the enemies he has made. If he is to get the nomination, he will need to work hard in the next fifteen months, for the party bosses are dead set against him. And this time they will be better prepared to meet the blitzkrieg tactics which overwhelmed them at Philadelphia. On the other hand, Mr. Willkie has 22,000,000 good arguments in his favor —arguments which practical bosses cannot entirely ignore. Moreover, the increasing probability that Mr. Roosevelt will submit to drafting for a fourth term—at least if the war continues—is calculated to strengthen Willkie's claims. There are many millions of voters who will not take kindly to yet another period of office for Roosevelt but will vastly prefer that to making a Bricker our commander-in-chief. The latest Gallup poll is significant in this respect. Of those voters with definite opinions, 58 per cent were for Roosevelt if the war is still on, but only 44 per cent should the war be over. If victory is not achieved by 1944, the President is going to be a hard man to beat.

*

THE DEBATE OVER THE SIZE OF THE ARMY continues despite the President's firm stand for the goals set by the armed services. Latest to speak out against an 8,200,000-man army in 1943 is William Green of the American Federation of Labor, who insists that we must "preserve the balance between production, fighting, and morale," with particular regard to our responsibilities as

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"the arsenal of democracy." Although supporting the large army, Donald Nelson told the Senate Military Affairs Committee that the country is short by 2,250,000 workers of the number needed to achieve and maintain present production goals and added that too sharp a reduction in civilian man-power should not be made when the country faces the necessity for increasing munitions output by 60 per cent this year. So far the only evidence submitted by the army in support of the figure it has set consists of rough estimates of the total number of divisions available respectively to the Axis and the United Nations. But these calculations omit the vital question of how many men can be equipped and transported to the fighting front in 1943 and 1944. The indications are that the army is planning a total expeditionary force of only about 4,500,000 by the end of 1944. The limiting factor is the number of ships, not the number of men under training. The inevitable question, then, is: What do we plan to do with the remainder? Are they, as several writers have delicately hinted, to be held in reserve for bargaining purposes against Russia at the peace table? If so, the decision on the size of our army is certainly not one to be left to military men alone.

*

PASSAGE OF THE McKELLAR BILL REQUIRING Senate confirmation of all federal appointees for jobs carrying salaries of $4,500 or more would be highly undesirable at any time; but enactment of the measure at this time could hardly fail to have a paralyzing effect on the prosecution of the war. The bill quite obviously represents an effort to set aside civil service and the merit system so that the best jobs may be thrown open to Senatorial patronage. No one even pretends that the Senate has the time or the capacity for passing judgment on appointments for the 33,000 or more federal jobs that are covered by the bill. But by holding up all appointments except those made on the basis of patronage, the Senate could readily exercise the same control over all administrative appointments that it now exercises in the selection of postmasters. The immediate effect of the bill's passage would be a wholesale turnover in the ranking executives of numerous Washington agencies. If only a few career men—officials who gained their posts by dint of their experience and ability—were forced out of high-paying jobs to make way for some Senator's political friends, we should see a wave of resignations by others, of similar abilities, who would find it impossible to render effective service working with or under hack politicians. In war time this would be, as the President points out, "little less than tragic." The government has enough difficulty as it is in obtaining and holding first-rate men—considering its low salary scale, red tape, and the activities of Mr. Dies. Must it further risk losing these men because a group of Senators want to return to the pork barrel?

THE HOUSE'S ACTION IN DENYING FUNDS for the National Resources Planning Board so eloquently expresses the contempt of the present Congress for the welfare of the public that it hardly requires comment. For nearly three years the NRPB has been at work on a long-range program for post-war reconstruction in America. In preparing this program it has enlisted the aid and services of many of the chief business interests of the country. Its planning has embraced both public and private enterprise. It has also cooperated in drawing up a far-reaching plan for the needed revision of the Social Security Act. Because this work was done under White House auspices, Congress would now throw it all on the scrap heap and trust that the American genius for improvisation will somehow see us through the difficult post-war period. The same issue of the *Times* which carried the story of the denial of funds to the NRPB outlined the British government's plans for a twelve-year building and town-planning program which would provide jobs for 1,250,000 Britishers after the war. The contrast is instructive. Which country is "muddling through" today—Tory England or New Deal America?

*

THE MOST GRUESOME NEWS ITEM WE HAVE seen for some time is the report that Magda Goebbels is playing hostess, at the Bavarian estate of Heinrich Himmler, to the wives of Europe's quislings. It is suggested either that the ladies who make up this unique house party did not feel safe in their homelands or that Himmler is keeping them under his thumb as potential hostages should their husbands try to desert. We can't help wondering what these "molls" of the quislings talk about as they sit at table or stroll through grounds landscaped by the Gestapo. And how about the quisling kids, if any? Are they in Bavaria too? And do they quarrel sometimes about whose father can outlick the Nazis' boots?

Food and the Farm Bloc

IN THE past week more than 120,000,000 Americans have received War Ration Book 2, and housewives are busy working out point budgets and contriving ways and means of feeding their families on half the usual amount of canned goods. There has been some grumbling, but there seems to be general acceptance of the fact that rationing is the only fair means of distributing necessities where the demand far exceeds the supply, and most people will hail the day when meat, butter, and other scarce foods are added to the rationing list.

The Department of Agriculture has promised the country "a reasonably adequate diet per capita" for the duration. But this promise is not likely to be kept unless

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consumers take time out from wrestling with their immediate problems and turn the heat on Capitol Hill, where our future supply of food is now being treated as a political football. In an article on page 333 James Patton, president of the National Farmers' Union, details the growing shortages and suggests some of the steps which must be taken to expand production. His remedy is not higher prices but a program enabling the small and medium farmers to employ their unused margin of land.

The program of the Congressional farm bloc, which claims to speak for all agricultural interests but actually represents the large farmers and plantation owners, is quite different. Its demand is for higher and higher prices and to hell with the anti-inflation program. As Edward A. O'Neal, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, puts it: "There must be a price incentive for food production just the same as for industrial production. Inflation? Well it looks like we are headed for it." If the farm bloc succeeds in putting over its program, Mr. O'Neal is right, for the upshot will be so steep a rise in farm prices that the dams holding back wages and industrial prices will burst under the pressure.

The immediate objective of the big farmers' spokesmen on Capitol Hill is to force up ceiling prices even though on a great many leading products they are already well above parity level. The Senate has just passed a bill making it mandatory for the Price Administrator to leave out of account, in fixing price ceilings, all payments made to farmers by the government—payments estimated to exceed $600,000,000 in the present year. This will mean an upward readjustment of many ceilings. In the House an even more dangerous proposal is being pushed. It is the old plan, defeated last fall, for recalculating the parity formula so as to take into account the cost of all farm labor. Department of Agriculture experts estimate that the result would be to raise farm prices from 10 to 15 per cent.

Leading members of the farm bloc have made it clear, moreover, that they will not be satisfied by the passage of these two measures. "We want the law of supply and demand to operate," Senator "Cotton Ed" Smith of South Carolina roared recently. In other words, he wants prices to be allowed to soar, as in the last war, to whatever heights they might be borne by the winds of war-time necessity. There is this to be said for his simple program: it would probably enlarge our total supply of food and industrial crops provided that the return to laissez faire in agriculture included the removal of all the artificial props which are underpinning the prices of certain staples.

We are sure, however, that Senator Smith is not going to accept this qualification. A cotton planter and a representative of cotton planters, his main interest is in keeping cotton at its present very profitable level. It is not held there by supply and demand but by government action. We have on hand a two years' supply of short-staple cotton, and if the government's holdings were released to the market, the price would collapse. That might be a very good thing for the country at large and, in the long run, for the South itself. It would be an immediate stimulus to the diversion of acreage from cotton to crops sorely needed in the war effort, for instance, peanuts, dairy products, vegetables, and meat. And as every agricultural expert agrees, diversification is the only long-term solution for the Southern farm problem.

The farm-bloc bourbons are not interested, however, in freeing the South from slavery to cotton. They want a war program which will enable them to go on raising their traditional crop on a profitable basis. They want draft deferments for plantation workers and their full share of fertilizers and machinery regardless of the fact that, as far as the war effort is concerned, the growing of a short-staple cotton crop this year is total waste. Indeed, the situation is worse than that, for if only half the resources which are going to be used to produce unwanted cotton were diverted to raising crops we do need, the food problem would be largely solved.

Claude Wickard, Secretary of Agriculture and Food Administrator, is undoubtedly aware that the farm bloc's plans are likely to mean less food at higher prices. Unfortunately, he is not a strong man, and he has adopted the fatal policy of appeasement. Under pressure he has revised the program formulated last fall for all-out food production, and he has sacrificed several of his best subordinates who had incurred the wrath of the commercialized farmers' lobby. It is doubtful whether he will put up a fight to expand the Farm Security Administration, which has proved its ability to assist the smaller farmers to increase their contribution to the food supply.

The farm bloc can be beaten, but only if the small farmers and the consumers make their voices heard in Congress. The first necessity is strong leadership on the food front and enlightenment of the people about the facts—the desperately serious facts—of the era of real scarcity toward which we are drifting.

Otto's Freikorps

IN THE interests of military expediency Secretary of War Stimson should personally examine that unit of the American army which goes by the name of the Austrian Battalion. For what the Secretary no doubt intended to be a spirited auxiliary of fighting Austrians has turned into a dispirited aggregation of Austrians, Czechs, Hungarians, Italians, and Slavs. Men who joined the American army to liberate Europe from Hitler suddenly find themselves furthering the fortunes of the Haps-

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burgs, who among Central Europeans are only slightly more popular.

The so-called Austrian Battalion got off to an inauspicious start last fall when Mr. Stimson addressed a letter to one "Otto of Austria," by whom he meant Dr. Otto Hapsburg, who for twenty-five of his thirty years has not even been allowed to set foot on Austrian soil. In this painfully ill-advised letter the Secretary of War bestowed an official blessing on the Hapsburg project to recruit men for an Austrian Battalion. Democratically minded Austrians were outraged at this formal recognition of the man who has never renounced his claim to the throne of the Holy Roman Empire, and who as "His Majesty" still receives the bows of his pitiful retinue in the drawing-rooms of Washington and New York. Americans of Central European extraction were horrified at the implications in Stimson's form of address. A storm whirled about the head of the Secretary, who promptly advised reporters that the State Department had given its approval. State, in turn, denied responsibility, and through it all Otto proceeded to set up his Military Committee for the Liberation of Austria.

So negligible was his success that the storm abated and would have died down entirely if army officials had not stepped in to compound Stimson's original folly. When it became apparent that Otto's recruiting powers were low, someone with more authority than intelligence directed that pressure be brought to bear on all Austrian nationals in the army to accept transfer to the new infantry battalion, set up in a camp in the Middle West. "Austrian nationals" was interpreted to mean all soldiers whose papers showed they were born in the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. Overwhelmingly the men refused. Whereupon they were transferred without consent.

Today letters are trickling back East from the unwilling men of the Austrian Battalion. They tell of schools set up in the camp to teach the "Austrians" German. They tell of the low morale of the men and of the pressures put upon them to refrain from applying for transfer to other units. The War Department denies reports that special Austrian insignia have been prepared for the battalion.

Secretary Stimson is not insensitive, we believe, to the deeper issues of this war, and we hope he will take advantage of the current fiasco to make his position perfectly clear. One of his subordinates has expressed surprise that non-Austrians have been transferred to the "Hapsburg legion," and promised that the matter will be rectified. But the Hapsburg farce has gone on long enough. Mr. Stimson could ring down the curtain by specifically withdrawing his blessing of the Hapsburg committee and by forbidding the transfer of men to such "national" contingents against their will. Neither he nor Otto Hapsburg, after all, can hope to make Free Austrians out of coerced Czechs.

The New Axis

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

A NEW Axis is being formed. It runs from Washington to Rome by way of Madrid. Three men are busy bolting it together—Colonel Beigbeder in Washington, Archbishop Spellman in Rome, and Ambassador Hayes in Madrid. The idea isn't new: in one shape or another it dates back to Vichy and before. Indeed, it is the end product of appeasement, the object of all those statesmen who consider expediency a permanent necessity. As long ago as last June Alvarez del Vayo, in his article World War III?, described the preparations for a return to the old balance-of-power order in Europe as an alternative to Hitler's new order; the policy of creating as many centers of reactionary force as possible to withstand the certain post-war swing toward the left. The Washington-Madrid-Rome axis has been on the assembly line a long time. But today its mechanics are working fast, tightening the bolts at every joint, because events demand hurried decisions.

Like all political decisions in war time, these hang on military developments. Soon or late, Hitler will be defeated. It is this fact that has sent Spellman to Rome and Franco's emissary to Washington. It is this fact that is forcing a dozen quislings to throw out storm anchors, that tempts even small dictators like Generalissimo Franco to hedge their bets on Hitler. And it is this fact that is moving the exponents of permanent expediency, in and out of the State Department, to try to complete the structure of their old order before the people have a chance to get the smell of freedom in their nostrils.

When *The Nation* first spoke out against the State Department's North African policy we were accused by some of our friends of a combination of impatience and irresponsibility. We were told that we lacked that detailed inside information which our leaders possessed and which alone could justify criticism of official acts. I wonder what those friends thought when they heard or read the speech made last week by Edgar Ansel Mowrer at the French-American Club in New York. Mr. Mowrer had just resigned from his job as deputy director of the Office of War Information because of his differences with the State Department on North African policy. His differences were not based on the decision of Eisenhower to use Vichy officials who were on the spot. "What was wrong," he said in his speech, "was putting them in political control as the price of their aid—considering them not as our instruments but as our allies." Mowrer refuses to accept the necessity of giving fascists power even as a "temporary military expedient." He believes the cost is too high. And he is certain that the popular disillusionment resulting from our support

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of fascist regimes will "promote the easy spread of bolshevism." Mowrer deserves fuller quotation than this page can provide, not only because what he said so desperately needed saying, but because his opinion is buttressed by all the war information possessed by the official agency receiving and dispensing war information. The State Department's most passionate defenders could hardly ask for more.

The overshadowing fact that emerges from North Africa and all that led up to it can be expressed in Mowrer's own words:

> So long as there remain in high places in North Africa Frenchmen who aim at preserving fascism in France; so long as there are those in this country who do not understand why a nation engaged in warring against fascism cannot ally itself with fascists; so long as there are American officials who toy with the idea of beating the Axis by utilizing one quisling after another "right up to the German frontiers"; so long as conservatives dream of hemming Russia in behind a barrier of dwarf states whose existence merely would provoke the Bolsheviks without in the least holding them back—so long we cannot be sure that there will be no more "temporary expediency" unless the President's policy receives the firm backing of informed and vigilant American opinion.

And these words lead us straight along the new axis line to Colonel Beigbeder in Washington. The Colonel, it seems, as an emissary from Generalissimo Franco, is on a mission to "inspect the United States army." The results of his investigation should prove fascinating to the German officers and technicians who help run the Spanish army—so fascinating that we must assume our own officers have exercised restraint in showing Colonel Beigbeder the sights. But in addition to his military inquiries his trip has obvious diplomatic objectives. For he came on our invitation. And only a day or two after he arrived our ambassador at Madrid made his unbelievably frank statement about the quantities of oil and other raw materials the United States has been shipping to Franco with the object, as Mr. Hayes remarked, of extending "any help it can to Spain, which is doing so much with such obvious success to develop a peace economy that can, and will, carry [it] safely into a future period of world peace." (At this point I want to call the attention of readers to the report of Franco's "peace economy" reproduced on a later page of this issue.) And while these astonishing words were being spoken, the smiling little Archbishop Spellman, having consulted with both Hayes and Franco in Madrid, was in Rome carrying on extended conversations with the Pope.

About these conversations little has been reported; but the air of Vatican City has been thick with rumors. And it requires only a little understanding of the underlying facts to realize that the Vatican has become the rallying point of the reactionaries of the Continent—pro-Hitler and anti-Hitler alike. A new Holy Alliance is in process of gestation. If it is finally born it will be composed of conservative Catholic regimes in Poland, Hungary, Croatia, Slovakia, Italy, France, Spain, and Portugal, and will not only serve as an antidote to domestic radicalism in each country but provide a counterpoise to a victorious Russia at the peace conference. Dominant influences in Britain oppose such a coalition. They understand the necessity of good relations with Russia, now and after the war. But in Washington the balance of opinion tilts the other way. Fear of revolution combines with arguments of expediency to support on a broader scale the policy already applied in Vichy and Madrid. The proposed alliance will retain the best features of fascism with none of its ugly by-products. So its press agents hint. But we may have to wait a while for the details. And meanwhile we are asked not to worry, just to follow our leaders. Wait patiently and with trust for the new Old Order that is being fixed up in Washington and Madrid and Rome. Expediency, frozen into policy.

FOOTNOTE I

Most of the Spanish Loyalist refugees in North Africa are still in concentration camps. But a few have been let out. A brief item in the New York papers reports that Spanish soldiers, freed from a prison camp at Kasserine and fighting under British officers, have carried out "special and dangerous missions." This is fine, and I hope indicates that full use will soon be made of the tough fighters of the Loyalist army who have waited so long for a return engagement with the fascist enemy. Fine. But just the same I wonder how these men feel when they hear of Colonel Beigbeder's equally special but not so dangerous mission in Washington and of Ambassador Hayes's promises to Franco. And I wonder how true is the rumor that when the Colonel agreed to come to America he made several conditions, the first of which was that the Spanish refugees in North Africa should not be released.

FOOTNOTE II

What Stalin thinks of the export of oil and other war goods to Franco and our reception of Beigbeder can be imagined. Mr. Welles, it is true, has solemnly announced that none of the goods sent to Spain will be allowed directly or indirectly "to reach enemy hands." On this point, he says, he has "fullest assurances" of the Spanish government. Such assurances may satisfy the State Department, but it is possible that they will prove less convincing to the Russians. For Stalin has never recognized Franco, much less addressed him as his "good friend." And Franco's Blue Legion must have needed a lot of oil for its expedition against Russia. If I were Stalin I think I should ask for some very detailed reports on the use being made of American war materials in Spain.

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Thurman Arnold and the Railroads

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, February 28

I HOPE to be able to take the time soon to make a study of the work Thurman Arnold did as head of the Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice. I can only record at this time the regret that most progressives here feel over his retirement—for that seems the word for it—to the bench. His division was one of the last places in Washington where the old fighting New Deal spirit still survived. Almost everywhere else one sees the big-business crowd in power.

Arnold is a very odd character, and there is no telling where he will end up politically. He is mercurial, not too profound, thoroughly opportunistic—distinctly a populistic middle-class radical who might even end up on the far right. I should like to emphasize the word "might" because it would be unwise to draw too logical conclusions from some of Arnold's weirder ideas. It is just as possible to imagine him a fervent anti-fascist in a period of crisis. For he is courageous, generous, and warm-hearted, equally removed from the poles of bigotry and milk-and-water liberalism.

The Anti-Trust Division is the battered citadel of a romantic lost cause, usually betrayed by its own nominal leaders. It contains some of the most devoted and hard-working officials in the capital. There are men in it with an extraordinary and detailed knowledge of the industries under their supervision, men who could make many times their government salaries if they chose to serve the monopolies they have fought. It is a tribute to Arnold that he won the devotion of these men. He won it by putting up a better battle against monopoly than the Anti-Trust Division had ever been able to wage before.

I need hardly add that this battle was fundamentally as ineffective as Arnold's evangelical efforts to persuade a middle-aged, paunchy capitalism to leap back into the competitive scrimmages of its youth. Neither legislation nor lectures will cure its economic arteriosclerosis, and the war has both speeded up the growth of monopoly and weakened such countervailing forces as the anti-trust laws. Today the WPB, the War and Navy departments, the Office of the Petroleum Administrator for War, and large areas of the BEW are run by business men and lawyers who have devoted much of their activity to violating the anti-trust laws. Little wonder that they proved powerful enough, first, to force weak consent decrees on Arnold, then to shut off one scheduled prosecution after another, and finally to promote Arnold to the bench.

A complaint one hears against Arnold from the fuddy-duddies—the ex-liberal careerists and picayune opportunists who are rationalizing themselves into comfortable acquiescence in the appeasement of big business—is that Arnold "talked too much." By this they mean that Arnold, when forced to take a consent decree or to stop a prosecution, often let the inside story leak to the press or to a Congressional committee. The fuddy-duddies regard this practice as somehow ungentlemanly, indecent, and improper. Apparently the facts of life, the actualities of economics, are too delicate for the ears of common folk. The same gentlemen who spout about democracy on minor provocation resent Arnold's habit of taking his cases to the people. Had it not been for Arnold's refusal to act according to the *mores* of our better social clubs, the facts of the Standard Oil–I. G. Farben cartel would have been safely buried with the consent decree instead of spread on the record of the Truman committee and broadcast in the press. Arnold fought the hush-hush policy that more and more pervades the capital and prevents disclosure of the facts.

The anti-trust laws seem to have a beneficial effect, in one way at least, upon the courts. We owe Chief Justice Stone of the United States Supreme Court to the Aluminum Company of America. Alcoa, according to a familiar story, preferred to have Coolidge put his Attorney General on the bench to having his Attorney General put Alcoa in the dock. It is difficult to determine to which monopoly we owe the new Circuit Court justice, Thurman Arnold. The honor seems to go to the railroads of the United States and to their friend, that tired radical, Joseph B. Eastman, director of the Office of Defense Transportation. For Arnold's last major venture before being kicked upstairs to judicial honors was his attempt to take on that twenty-six-billion-dollar giant, the American railroads. Little of the story of that last battle has leaked to the press, though we shall hear more of it one of these days from Congress.

Arnold has had twenty-one anti-trust cases shot out from under him by the arrangement of last spring whereby the corporation lawyers and bankers who man the offices of the War and Navy departments are permitted to suspend the anti-trust laws for the convenience of themselves, their ex-clients, and their friends. Among these cases are no fewer than five against the du Ponts and two against General Electric. All but one of them are criminal, not civil, cases. In all but two instances the prosecution was stopped after indictments were obtained. These indictments act as a considerable deterrent. Recently the Secretaries of War and the Navy have begun

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to stop investigations before indictments can be returned. One such case was the inquiry into the Hawaiian pineapple industry. The other involved a group of three indictments prepared against the Illinois Freight Association and the Central States Motor Freight Bureau. These were to be the beginning of the first major attack on the greatest monopoly in this country, the growing monopoly in transportation—on the methods whereby the railroads fix not only their own rates but impose uneconomic and non-competitive rates on the movement of goods by air, water, and highway. The investigation was stopped at the request of Eastman, with the approval of Under Secretaries Patterson and Forrestal.

A letter to Attorney General Biddle by Secretary of War Stimson and Acting Secretary of the Navy Forrestal throws new light on the curious procedure now being followed in anti-trust cases. It reveals that drafts of the proposed indictments were presented by the Anti-Trust Division to the Secretaries of War and the Navy before submission to the grand jury in Chicago, and that this was done "in pursuance of an arrangement made at a conference held in your [Biddle's] office." The War and Navy departments, and Eastman, prevented the proposed indictments from ever reaching the grand jury. War, Navy, and Eastman were willing only to permit prosecution of labor leaders and others who were alleged to have used a strike to coerce a motor carrier to increase its rate. Arnold and Biddle refused to do this. They objected that the basic conspiracy was to enforce fixed and non-competitive rates, that the strike was only one of the means used to enforce these rates, and that "it would not be possible to draw an indictment which contained only the means used and did not describe the basic plan." This readiness to prosecute labor rather than capital under the anti-trust laws is worth noting, though it is hardly a new phenomenon.

The situation in transportation today may be visualized if one imagines what it would have been like a century ago had the canal-boat companies possessed the financial means and political power to control the railroads. The railroads have become a gigantic racket in which a group of financial and managerial insiders enrich themselves at the expense of the properties in their care and the shippers these properties serve. Ostensibly their rates are fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Actually they fix their own rates through rate associations declared illegal under the anti-trust laws in 1897 but still going strong. Powerful shippers have their own ways of getting around these rates, but the weak have only the costly recourse of an appeal to the ICC and the courts. Regulation by these processes may be compared to an attempt at finding one's way through a Brazilian jungle with the aid of a handbook on Swedenborgian theology. On the one hand, we have a hopeless maze of nearly half a million freight rates fixed by private associations. On the other, we have a highly metaphysical system of government regulation which attempts to check the tariff on prunes from Santa Clara by reference to the lofty, if subtle and arid, concepts of fair return on the fair value of the railroad property used. The resultant controversies would have delighted the medieval philosopher, though they are well calculated to bewilder and discourage the shipper.

In our society, the gravitational pull exerted by huge masses of capital inevitably forces into their orbit the agencies set up to regulate them. This is what happened long ago to the ICC, which has not only permitted the continued operation of these private price-fixing associations but has enabled the railroads to reach out for control of waterways and highways. The railroads have been allowed to drive water-carrier competitors out of business by discriminatory rate practices and to obtain ever greater control of competing bus and truck lines. This development tends more and more to deprive the public of the benefits of these cheaper forms of transportation and to enable the railroads to maintain obsolete methods free from the healthy prod of competition.

More important to the future of our society is the control exercised by the railroads over aviation. The Anti-Trust Division was preparing to take action against the contract by which the Railway Express Agency controls air freight. Under the agency's contract with the air lines, air express rates cannot be less than twice the rail rate, but they are actually held at five to seven times the railroad rates. Yet according to Grover Loening, technical consultant of the War Production Board's Air Cargo Plane Committee, cargo planes today can be run at 8 to 10 cents a ton mile as compared with rail rates of 10 to 15 cents a ton mile. To stifle the development of air transport is to stifle development of national defense.

A mass of facts on uneconomic railroad practices was gathered by the Anti-Trust Division in preparing the railroad cases. It will take a Congressional investigation to bring them to light. The railroads, fresh from their victory over Arnold, are now preparing to ask Congress to free them from the restrictions imposed by the anti-trust laws, the Panama Canal Act, and the Transportation Act of 1940. They want the right to bring water carriers and trucks under common ownership, to place air transportation under some agency, like the ICC, which the railroads control, and by these means to saddle uneconomic rates upon the nation's industry and agriculture. We see here the use of political power to maintain and expand economic privileges. This is as far as possible removed from classic conceptions of the free market. If we had good sense, we would take the railroads over now, end their war profiteering, and increase their efficiency. The railroads, as Arnold's elevation to the bench indicates, are—with their brother monopolies—taking us over instead.

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Why Food Is Scarce

BY JAMES G. PATTON

I

Washington, February 24

SEVERAL million people in the United Nations and in countries that we may have been able to liberate are going to be unnecessarily hungry next fall, winter, and spring. Why? Because the tightly organized forces of commercialized agriculture have prevented the conversion and expansion of our farm plant to meet the war-time demand for food. And because we do not have a single integrated office of war mobilization, such as is provided for in the Kilgore-Pepper-Tolan bill.

Without a plan for all-out production in the past two years, agriculture has been unable to protect its resources of experienced man-power, machinery, fertilizer, and other supplies. Now that these are all critically short, panicky efforts are being made to repair the damage, not with the hope of increasing food production in 1943 but in a desperate effort to keep it from falling below 1942 levels.

Leaders of three national farm organizations—the Farm Bureau Federation, the Grange, and the National Council of Farmer Cooperatives—have set a high price for continued maximum production by the two million best farms in the country, farms which customarily produce 75 per cent of marketed farm commodities. They demand removal of ceilings on farm prices. And they propose to write off two million farm families as of practically no use for increasing the production of food. Other farm organizations, including the National Farmers' Union, which I head, state units of still other associations, and various religious and civic groups, point to the achievements of the Farm Security Administration, which last year assisted 7.6 per cent of the nation's farm families to produce 36 per cent of the total increase in milk, 10 per cent of the increase in chickens and eggs, 9 per cent of the increase in pork, 7 per cent of the increase in beef, and 27 per cent of the increase in dried beans, all 1943 deficit foods. We say these figures prove that the nation's best hope of increasing food production lies in furnishing financial aid and when necessary farm-management services to the 2,000,000 farm families who in 1940 had gross incomes of less than $600 and to most of the 2,000,000 or more farm families who had gross incomes between $600 and $1,500. The 4,000,000 farmers in these two lower income brackets, who customarily produce about 16 per cent of marketed farm commodities, form agriculture's great under-employed reservoir of experienced farm labor.

The struggle will be bitter. Family-type farming in fighting for participation in the prosecution of the war is fighting for survival. Big agriculture, like big industry, moves to use the war needs to extend its grip on our economy. Present plans for providing farm man-power are designed primarily to fill the big farmers' labor needs, perhaps by furloughing soldiers to work in units. A bits-and-pieces program in agriculture, using under-employed farm families as operators and hired labor, will have a hard time, as it has had in industry. If the working farm families realize where their long-run interests are, and if the public can be made to see that its best hope of getting food lies in our program, we can win. If not, the Farm Security Administration, instead of being expanded and brought into a single integrated food-production program, will be assassinated, and food will become even scarcer and dearer.

Food has already become a paramount political issue, as well as the No. 1 topic of conversation. City folks, Senators, Representatives, industrialists, administrators, economists, and editors are today obsessed by the food problem. One and all they want to be saved from food shortages, and from the resultant public resentment, absenteeism in war plants, and lowered productivity. They want to be saved from the inflationary spiral that is certain to follow the ripping off of price ceilings.

The gravest consequence of a food scarcity will be its effect on the United Nations' prosecution of the war; their very unity will be destroyed if we betray the starving millions of the countries we have promised to liberate and feed. The argument that will be used has been indicated: the American people must not be given "the leavings." The less food we have, the smaller the share that will go abroad. If public opinion is inflamed by gross misrepresentation, which already portrays lend-lease as the star boarder stuffing himself at the expense of Uncle Sam's own children, that share will be given more and more grudgingly. Resentment will be pumped up by those who still believe that the United States can live apart from the rest of the world, maintaining a standing army of ten million men and an empire extending from the North Pole to below the bulge of Brazil. Thus food, which Secretary of Agriculture Wickard, now also Food Administrator, said a year ago would "win the war and write the peace," may lose the war and bring about revolutions that will postpone real peace indefinitely.

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FOOD FOR ISOLATION

WAITING FOR THE LEAVIN'S
Reprinted from the Washington *Times-Herald*

Within the United States the 1943 crop will be the last to move to market before the 1944 elections take place. That harvest—both grain and thistles—is being planted now. Food shortages—and the danger that we will renege on our pledges to feed the other nations—appear inevitable, but we shall not feel their full impact until the end of the coming crop season, which will begin in a few weeks as seeds germinate and livestock drop their young. Many people, particularly city folks, delude themselves with the thought that perhaps the food situation won't turn out so badly after all. But more than half of last year's 12 per cent increase over 1941, the previous high for crops, was due to better than average weather. Farmers will have to run faster than ever to stay where they were in crop production.

From farmers, packing-house workers, wholesalers, retailers, and consumers come disquieting reports that we have for several months been neglecting the conservation of our livestock capital—that is to say, we have slaughtered hogs too soon and killed young stock that was too old for veal and too young for beef. We have built up our herds to some extent, but not enough. The situation recalls the slaughter of their herds by the kulaks during the period of forced collectivization of farms in the U. S. S. R. In this country farmers have slaughtered their stock because of the rising cost of feed, the shortage of farm labor, and high livestock prices, bid up by the armed services and lend-lease. This squandering of livestock capital has increased the volume of meat, but at a ghastly price. It is as if we had increased our current supply of steel, copper, and lead by melting down our machine tools. Since the cycle of cattle is approximately four years—287 days' gestation, 2 years for the heifer calf to mature, bear her first calf, and become a milk producer, and another 18 to 24 months for the calf to become a marketable steer—the folly of the past few months will haunt our food economy until 1947.

I believe the food crisis may awaken the government and induce it to act to bring about a better distribution of inadequate supplies. More important, it may compel the government to face up to the job of increasing food production this year and next. Public opinion is an alarm clock which Congressmen and smart administrators are not likely to ignore.

Let us look at the statistical picture of food deficits, a picture that is probably too optimistic since it does not allow for the increased food needs of the 2,000,000 more workers who will be drawn into war production this year and next. In January the Department of Agriculture estimated that the supply of meat available to civilians in 1943 would be 98 per cent of our consumption in 1942 and 97 per cent of that in 1941. This estimate and the estimates for other products that follow are based upon 1942 accomplishments and 1943 production goals, assuming average weather in the growing season. (There's many a slip 'twixt crop and lip; the milk goal, for instance, is set at 122 billion pounds, but we will be lucky to get 110 billion pounds.) They have been computed after deductions have been made for the needs of the armed forces (as projected in December, 1942) and lend-lease, and for a very small reserve for contingencies of all kinds.

Total dairy products (milk equivalent) available for civilians will not be more than 97 per cent of 1942 consumption, 95 per cent of 1941 consumption.

Butter will not be more than 80 per cent of 1942 consumption and 80 per cent of 1941 consumption.

Except in the lowest-income families we are going to eat more chicken and turkey, because the supply of poultry can be more easily expanded than that of other meats. The 1943 production is expected to provide 129 per cent of 1942 consumption and 146 per cent of 1941 consumption.

Eggs will be 96 per cent of 1942 consumption and 97 per cent of 1941 consumption.

Canned fruits will be 46 per cent of 1942 consumption and 36 per cent of 1941 consumption.

Canned vegetables will be 65 per cent of 1942 consumption and 57 per cent of 1941 consumption.

And the needs of the armed services, lend-lease, and the liberated countries are rising. So is domestic consumer demand.

Our wheat stocks on January 1 were 1,162,000,000 bushels. Until recently they were being tapped at the rate of 7,000,000 bushels a week for livestock feed. This

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flow is now being cut off because the Congressional limit of 125,000,000 bushels on such sales is being reached, but it must be reopened and increased. Congress should remove all restrictions on sales of government-owned feed grains by the Commodity Credit Corporation. This feed should be furnished to farmers at no more than the present 86 cents a bushel (85 per cent of the parity price of corn) or—to stimulate the feeding of livestock to maximum weights and milk production—at a price as low as 50 or 60 cents a bushel. Such use of our great granary in the war emergency will in no way mean a loss to the farmer since he has been paid in full for the wheat. Incidentally, such action is needed to clear storage space for the oncoming 1943 crop.

Of course, the Farm—or "Corn"—Bureau bosses want the feed wheat sold at not less than the parity price for corn, or about $1.02 a bushel. This is like asking the government to withhold its support from its own war effort; it reduces the amount of feed available for livestock and poultry at a time when we have a critical shortage of high-protein livestock feeds.

Should peace come tomorrow, it is estimated that one-sixth of our total food production would be needed to stabilize Europe. The contest between democratic law and order and some form of dictatorship born of chaos and desperation may well be decided by food. Those who get there fustest with the mostest food for emaciated bodies may capture the mind of Europe for the next hundred years. If we can't or won't do our part, the misery and disorder will increase until food from the newly sown fields of Central Europe and from the tractor-plowed stretches of the Ukraine can be harvested and brought in to relieve starvation.

We have a heavy responsibility. On Farm Mobilization Day, January 12, President Roosevelt spelled out in simple words the following pledge:

> We are using food to earn the friendship of people in liberated areas and to serve as a promise and an encouragement to people who are not yet free. In terms of total food supply, the United Nations are far stronger than our enemies. But our great food resources are scattered to the ends of the earth and we no longer have food to waste. Food is precious, just as oil and steel are precious.
>
> As part of our global strategy, we must produce all we can of every essential farm product; we must divide our supplies wisely and use them carefully. We cannot afford to waste any of them.

[In the second half of this article, to appear in the next issue, Mr. Patton will discuss the steps that have already been taken to raise food production and will outline a program for more drastic action.]

The Russian "Miracle"

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

AS THE Battle of Russia progresses, the world seems to be witnessing a modern miracle, though what has happened is actually the result of superb generalship and infinite human fortitude. The winter offensives of the Red Army, now in their fourth month, have turned a contest that had seemed fairly even into a smashing Russian victory. Six short weeks have seen the final liquidation of the German army at Stalingrad, the raising of the siege of Leningrad, the expulsion of the Wehrmacht from the Caucasus, the abandonment by the Germans of their powerful Donetz defense lines with the strong fortified points of Belgorod, Kursk, Kharkov, Voroshilovgrad, and Rostov—all enormously important to Hitler. The date of final victory has surely been put forward by months, perhaps by years.

The Russian front is too long to be considered as a whole, and success can best be measured by an examination of the various sectors. North of Voronezh there has been very little winter activity on either side. The salient driven into the German lines by the capture of Velikie Luki early in the campaign was almost certainly intended to be a strong feint, designed to distract German attention from the vital points of attack. The reported lifting of the siege of Leningrad, never admitted by the Germans, has represented the only other marked movement in the north. Later dispatches have revealed that heavy fighting has continued in this area and that the Russians are still experiencing difficulty in supplying the city. The relative inactivity here means that the Russians weakened their defenses in the north in order to have sufficient troops for a crushing offensive in the south. The failure of the Germans to take advantage of this condition of affairs by launching vigorous attacks of their own may reasonably be counted one of their fatal mistakes.

Stalingrad can be explained only as the greatest of Hitler's recent blunders. Vanity induced him to continue an attempt pronounced fruitless by his generals. Continued frontal attacks on strong defenses caused very heavy casualties, and the failure to retreat in time assured disaster without even a compensating military service to justify such a sacrifice. The final surrender wiped out some of the best Axis troops.

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Less expensive but still a major German defeat is the unfinished campaign in the Caucasus. While the troops isolated here are neither as numerous nor of as good quality as those lost at Stalingrad, they are mainly from high-grade divisions. A few have escaped via the Kerch Straits. But even those units which have reached the Crimea and have a rail line of retreat are in danger of being cut off by Russian armies in the eastern Ukraine moving westward toward the Perekop Isthmus.

These Soviet victories, impressive as they are, have less strategic significance than the offensives by Generals Vatutin and Golikov in the Donetz Basin. The Germans here, as in the initial attack at Stalingrad, were caught completely by surprise, with resultant heavy casualties among the inferior Axis satellite divisions which bore the first shock; and as the Red Army spearheads advanced rapidly and with confusing changes of direction, the Nazis were given no chance to recover. The southern wing of the great offensive sealed the fate of Rostov by threatening its encirclement. With little serious opposition, the Russians filtered between and behind the key points in the German defense system. Last year these points, even when cut off, were able to hold out, but at that time the German field armies were largely intact and Russian offensive methods were much less effective. The abandonment of the Donetz defense line and the loss in quick succession of important centers like Kharkov were caused not so much by the application of Red Army force as by the German fear of being surrounded and cut to pieces. The Germans were not actually driven from these lines but abandoned them in the conviction that to attempt to hold them would mean an even greater military disaster. That fact should warn against too great optimism. With hundreds of miles of occupied country to their rear, the Germans can retreat for long distances without disastrous consequences.

Too much credit cannot be given to Stalin himself, his able field commanders, and the personnel of the Red Army. From first to last the Germans were out-thought, out-maneuvered, and out-fought. Red Army offensive tactics had improved so markedly that the Germans, as some of them admitted, were beaten much as the French were in 1940—though not so badly. Throughout the campaign the paramount object was the destruction of enemy man-power; territorial gains were incidental.

Yet the territory retaken by the Red Army is in itself important. By last summer's retreats the Russians lost some 150,000 square miles. They have now recovered 200,000 square miles and may perhaps gain as much more in the immediate future. This area, unlike that recovered last winter, is of great economic value. Its reconquest deprives the Germans of their only captured oil field and safeguards the Soviet supply. Half a dozen of the most important cities in the Soviet Union are removed from Axis hands, though most of them may be in a ruined condition. Deposits of coal, magnesium, and iron and sources of food have been obtained. The whole front has been greatly shortened, and the Soviet transportation lines behind the front are better located.

German prestige has inevitably been reduced by such heavy disasters, and morale among the troops cannot in the very nature of things be very high. This is borne out by the large number of prisoners reported taken by the Russians. A Europe tightly regimented under the Axis cannot adequately reflect changes in the military situation, but the few remaining neutrals are now apt to prove adamant against any German attempt to involve them in war, and the Axis satellite powers can be expected to dissociate themselves so far as is possible from the German cause.

The Germans' really vital losses, however, are in manpower. The destruction of an entire army at Stalingrad, of several divisions on the Don, and of large numbers of troops in the Caucasus and the Donetz Basin hit Germany where it is weakest. The British Office of War Information estimates that 4,000,000 Germans have been killed or taken prisoner. Probably one-fourth of these casualties have occurred in the past four months.

Nevertheless, German reverses should not lead us to underestimate Axis strength. They were caused by a series of military blunders committed by Hitler, as well as by the power of the Red Army. These mistakes have been godsends, but are not likely to be repeated. As the Nazis retreat westward they get closer to their sources of supply and thus free more troops for combat. The new troops now being raised in Germany and those units which were withdrawn last fall for rest and regrouping will also be available shortly and will help to redress the numerical inferiority in the south from which the German armies all during the winter have suffered. In addition, the spring thaws, with their attendant transport difficulties, are apt to slow down the attackers. Thus unless other factors intervene, the outlook is for a careful German retreat over a considerable area until the circumstances just mentioned bring about a substantial equality of strength and positions are reached which can be held without too great risks. Meanwhile, as spring thaws restrict mobility in the south, the weight of Russian power is certain to be applied farther north, especially since the conquests in the Ukraine offer an excellent opportunity for flanking the German positions on the central front.

In this situation, the one thing needed to upset an approaching balance and tilt the scales heavily against Germany is an instant and heavy Anglo-American attack in areas close to the center of German power. Whether sufficient shipping and troops are available to support such an invasion is a question which few persons not close to the High Command can answer. But there can be little doubt that Stalin is right in every military sense. Big talk followed by lack of action will no longer do.

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War and the Liberal Arts

BY IRWIN EDMAN

THE plight of the humanities in the war has reached the consciousness of the general public in the form of news about the draft of eighteen-year-olds and its effect upon the liberal-arts colleges. The law drafting eighteen-year-olds, as soon as it is in full operation, will have removed for the duration practically the whole undergraduate male population of American colleges and universities. All those fine projects and discussions of higher education—the Chicago plan, the St. John's program, the house plan at Harvard, the tutorial system at Princeton, the humanities course at Columbia; all the arguments over the decline of the classics and the possibility of their revival in translation; the "education of the whole man" versus the "discipline of the mind"—all these things, such lively issues in print and on the campus only a few years ago, have been given a quietus for the duration. The liberal-arts college will sketchily survive in institutions with sufficient endowment or sufficient income from army and navy units. But the army program, still not definite in detail, provides practically no liberal-arts work; the navy program, a very limited year's training in English or history. There will be some civilian freshmen, admitted at the age of seventeen by a combination of combing the schools for the most talented and remitting the severer standards. There will be a scattering of boys rejected by the army and navy. But no one save the most callous optimist imagines that serious undergraduate education will continue in anything but the most meager proportions during the war.

It has been repeated almost *ad nauseam* that educators themselves, students, and even that small section of the general public interested in questions of higher education are sadly content that this should be so. First things come first, and the war effort is, in this as in food or medicine, first. The colleges have been perhaps readier to "convert" than business proved to be before Pearl Harbor, and readier in most instances than some businesses are even now. There is, indeed, a suspicion that administrators and professors, supposedly the guardians of the liberal-arts tradition, have been almost too willing to agree with the notion, not unfamiliar in peace times, that the liberal arts do not count very much, that in sacrificing education in these fields the country is sacrificing very little. Occasionally voices have been raised—among them that of Wendell Willkie in a recent national broadcast—reminding the nation of how disastrous would be the abdication of liberal studies, especially if the war should be long.

There have been two general reasons for the lack of concern over the abandonment of the liberal-arts studies for the duration of the war. The first is that the humanities in this country have always been regarded as a polite veneer. Even in peace times they have not been granted much social or political consequence. The liberal arts have meant culture, and culture has been connected with the genteel tradition—sweetness and light with a predominant proportion of sweetness. It has been held that, along with fancy wrappings for candy and department-store gift boxes, courses in music appreciation or the Elizabethan poets and seminars in Plato could and should go. The second reason for the absence of concern over the collapse of liberal-arts education in this country is that many persons both in and out of the academic world, and persons once in it as students, have with sound reason been suspicious that the colleges were not strictly by virtue of giving a B. A. degree centers of serious light and learning. There are about 700 institutions giving instruction of collegiate grade in this country. That instruction notoriously varies. There are fresh-water colleges the quality of whose work is hardly to be measured against that of a first-rate high school in a progressive suburban community in the metropolitan East. Even where the instruction has been officially of a very high order, routine and pedantry have often taken the place of scholarship and insight.

As for the student world, as Woodrow Wilson put it in a Phi Beta Kappa address delivered in 1909 at Princeton, the "sideshows have taken the place of the main tent." No one familiar with American colleges can fail to have been depressed at times by the remoteness of the concern of the average student for anything resembling a humanistic ideal. The folderol of the fraternities, the hippodromes of intercollegiate athletics, the snobbishness of the socially sanctified institutions of the East, the mass-production education of the state universities of the West, the slipshod, second-rate, pampering standards, the thin nutriment of the spoon-fed textbook courses, the run-of-the-mill teaching—all these things have been the stock in trade of critics of our educational set-up. And in varying degrees at different places these charges have been true.

Yet despite the failings of American colleges, those who know them best have recognized a grace which is saving in more senses than one. In almost every scholastically reputable institution there has been a core of serious students who have been awakened to intellectual

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sensitiveness and trained to intellectual competence and distinction by some of their teachers or some of their courses, or by the contagion of the place itself.

Among the best students in the best institutions, small private college or large state university, the humanistic tradition has been kept, however tenuously or thinly, alive. The vertebrate severities of the older American college, with its strict but narrow curriculum and its dedication of its students to teaching or preaching—these, of course, have vanished. There have been snap courses and factitiously fashionable ones. There have been vogues, now of social psychology, now of literary "appreciation" or grandiose sociology or jargon-studded economics. The "ends" of a "college education" have been vague. The pre-medical, the pre-engineering, the pre-law student has at least known what he was headed for. The liberal-arts student has felt himself destined to anything from bond salesmanship to membership in the Book of the Month Club. In many cases the four-year college course has been simply a socially approved place for members of the comfortable classes to send their sons so that these might make contacts, join the right clubs or fraternities, become well-rounded little snobs, or merely, as someone has put it, pass those crucial last years between puberty and adultery.

All these things have been true and have been sometimes melodramatically overemphasized; yet the colleges have prospered, I think, because there has been a residual feeling on the part of the interested public that at college young men and women have been able to acquire some sensitive responsiveness to the best that has been thought and said in the world, some realization of their human situation and of their place in history, and some intellectual discipline. Thomas Wolfe may have railed in his novels against his state university, but his gifts and his very words reveal his debt to it. And he is one example out of many. To take a miscellaneous set of examples, Princeton had not a little to do with the making of F. Scott Fitzgerald, Columbia with the molding of Cardozo, and Harvard with the formation of Justice Holmes and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Out of the discussion and experiment of the last quarter of a century, the colleges were gradually evolving a kind of training that was well calculated to produce educated men and women, persons with a sense of the best and a trained capacity for enjoying and judging it; citizens aware, too, of the social consequences and responsibilities of intellectual training. American colleges were not turning out philosopher-kings, but they were learning to turn out men who knew what the ideal of educated citizenship meant. And as one who has had occasion professionally to see young men and women in at least fifty colleges and universities in this country in the last fifteen years and for twenty-five years at Columbia, I can testify to the growing intellectual maturity of American undergraduates.

It would be calamitous if the colleges at their best were to be so much out of the picture by the time the war was over, if the whole ideal of liberal education were at such a discount, that state legislatures, boards of trustees, and students themselves were committed to the robot education of purely technical studies. It would be shocking if a habit of public unconcern for liberal studies should become prevalent. And it is not inconceivable that the brushing aside of the liberal studies now would be the beginning of their permanent exile. We should then have a generation that would have no use for political freedom because it had lost a care for and a discipline in those arts and interests which constitute the free mind. Out of the colleges have come some of the great scholars of our period, and men of affairs have acquired from courses in Greek tragedy or Greek philosophy or other "irrelevancies" a temper, a vision, and a method that have saved them from being merely experts—"men who draw a straight and precise line from a false assumption to a foregone conclusion"—and kept them, in the best sense, humanists.

The colleges have done these things for a number sufficient to justify their existence, and for a much larger number they have kept alive a humane temper in American society. But it may still be argued that even if the colleges were closed for three or four years or were for that period turned over completely to purely technical training, and to house and service the military, no harm would be done. Clearly a great deal of harm would be done. For one thing, many small colleges, including some of the very best of them, could not survive. Whatever the limitations of some of these smaller institutions—their provincialism, the limitations of their libraries and scholarship, of their faculties—they fulfil a function in American life that is unique and excellent. Few universities can provide the peculiar quality of intimate individual education for a small and picked group that some of the best of the small colleges, such as Haverford (if instances are not invidious), afford. During this war faculties may disintegrate—this is no less true because it is a cliché to say that men make a college—and a faculty is not to be reassembled overnight, nor is its *Gestalt* remakable. Meanwhile there will have grown up in this country what is always nascent, a public temper that will tend to dismiss a purely intellectual and imaginative education as trivial. A college generation is only four years, and four years is time enough to impose a philistine barbarism on a society; Hitler did it in less.

There are some redeeming elements in the picture. Much of the dead wood of college life and teaching has up to now been kept through habit. All over the country university administrators and leaders in different fields will be forced during this interim—they may soon have little else to do—to reconsider what the

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college can do. Such reconsiderations have always gone on verbally. Now they have suddenly become practical and central. The large-scale government endowment of young soldiers and sailors to go to the campuses to learn what is necessary for war suggests that the government may send young men and women to the colleges to learn what is necessary for peace. The campus population may not be so much determined by middle-class pocket-books in the future. It may come to seem a public obligation to send the intellectually best-prepared to college, and only those.

During this period of convulsive dislocation teachers of the liberal arts will engage in heart-searching and, what is more important, re-searchings of the fundamentals and functions of the teaching of these liberal arts. At this moment many teachers of the "useless" subjects are wringing their hands and wishing they had majored in mathematics or physics. Or they are semi-content to await the end of the war, when courses in the True, the Good, and the Beautiful will presumably once more be possible. The old defenders of the liberal studies are being trotted out, and the humanities are set over against technique much as religion, in its desperate nineteenth-century corner, used to defend itself against science. But the wiser teachers of the humanities know well that philosophy and literature were often dying in our colleges before the war. They were dying of anemia, of routine, of archaeological hardening of the arteries. English literature was taught in a compartment separated from all other literature, a corpse handled conscientiously by solemn morticians. Philosophy was frequently a hand-me-down of dialectical double-talk. The origins and consequences of thought and feeling, expression and beauty, in the life out of which they grew and the contemporary life in which their values must function were quite ignored. This tragic interval may have this much of educational good: all over the country the serious uses of the "useless" subjects are being explored.

Meanwhile the liberal arts continue to be taught in the women's colleges and in the large state universities. Learning and the spirit of learning survived the Civil War. They will survive this one, and be possibly more living for the shock they have received. It may be that when the war is over, some of the shakier small institutions, shaky intellectually as well as financially, will have gone for good. Some of them will be no loss. It may be that the two-year junior college, epidemic in the West, will spread all over the country as feeder to the big universities, where in the last two undergraduate years really advanced intellectual work will be done by college students. These changes will be far-reaching, but they will be in the interest of a changeless tradition older far than this Republic (as old as Plato's)—the training of young minds to timeless values and to public responsibility.

Hamlet on Ruml

Soliloquy in the Ways and Means Committee Room

BY J. W. ABELS

TO SKIP, or not to skip—that is the question
Whether 'tis better for the purse to suffer
The bite made double, with the two years' taxes
Paid in this twelvemonth—and then to be current,
Or to make laws against these last year's taxes
And by forgiving end them? To skip—to owe
No more; and by this skip to say we end
The heartache and the strange unnatural shocks
Our purse seems heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To skip—to owe—

To owe perchance still more! Ay, there's the rub,
For with our this year's tax, what rates must come,
Once we have skipped out on our last year's tax,
Should give us pause! There is the fact
That last year's tax will not suffice to bring
More than one-half the revenues required
This year. If that be skipped—if only this
Year's tax be paid this year—then doubled rates
Must bring the doubled revenue we need!

But think! Since some already bear a tax
That's more than half their massive income's weight,
And since we cannot double up their rate
Beyond their whole year's take, our coffers lose
From them all excess of the doubled rate.
For such a doubled rate would mean for them
A fine on income earned, and not a tax.
So we must lose on those whose doubled rate
Approaches or exceeds their whole year's gains.
That's certain loss. And how make good to yield
The doubled revenues we need? By building up our levies
Where we may, to more than doubled rates!
The lower groups that now do bear a tax
One-fifth their annual wage, must mend that loss
By paying henceforth more than doubled rates.

Then wherefore skip? Who two years' tax would bear
In one, and sweat in such a pinchéd life,
But that the dread of tax rates after skip,
That undiscovered country from whose bourn
No taxpayer returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those rates we have
Than fly to taxes that we know not of?
Thus figures will make cowards of near all;
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.

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Houses for Millions

BY RICHARD M. BENNETT

ALL plans for a post-war America take for granted an inevitable boom in home building. In speeches, advertisements, and articles one interested group after another stakes out its claim in this shimmering bonanza with predictions of the wonders of houses built of its materials or by its methods, houses with all the comforts and astonishingly low in price.

The building industry may be the last frontier for mass production, and it is natural that manufacturers should be interested in the prefabrication of houses as a peace-time function for their great war plants. The makers of materials are grimly earnest about markets for their new products—and for their old ones, too, which can be used in many new ways, thanks to an ingenuity stimulated by war-time scarcities. Labor, immersed in new tasks, must sometimes catch its breath and wonder if it will ever be allowed to go back to its old ways. Real-estate interests, looking forward to selling land for these new houses, must be asking themselves what cheaper and better houses will do to the market for old, overpriced, overtaxed ones. Most architects realize that they will have to function either as designers for industry or—a more delightful thought—as master-planners for a new society. The "home" magazines continue to discuss period art and the antique market even while machine production is advancing as remorselessly as a Russian tank. Town planners try to gauge the forces at work and are torn between visions of the world we could have and the pressure of the real-estate dealers frantic to save existing values. The great money lenders—banks, insurance companies, and the government—balance their holdings in the existing order against the profit they might make from the machinery of change.

In the same press release in which Henry Kaiser promised America a prefabricated three-room house, completely furnished, insulated, equipped with all sanitary and disposal facilities, he said, "We've got millions of new homes to build after the war. What kind of homes? What will they look like? How will they be built? We've got to sit down and figure that out, and start doing it now."

Mr. Kaiser implied that we can build anything we want to—we have the men, materials, and techniques. That is, we can if enough of us want the same things. Prefabrication of houses is no new thing, but our war-time experience gives it greater certainty of success. For instance, there are more than a hundred prefabricators in business because the Division of Defense Housing back in 1940 believed in prefabrication and brought an industry into existence. Probably many of these companies were formed just to compete for government work. They were successful because hundreds of units all alike were ordered—just as Mr. Kaiser's ships are alike, and Fords, and Packards. It is an axiom that mass production is based on mass consumption of standard products.

Meeting post-war standards of a buying public, however, will be somewhat more difficult than supplying rented quarters for war workers desperate for any sort of shelter. In the first stages of the post-war market, of course, the prefabricator need only reproduce the pre-war type of house more cheaply than it could be built singly. Later we can hope that competition among the prefabricators in a narrowing market will bring basic improvements in living qualities. Anyone going into the building of prefabricated houses at present would study his market and discover that early manufacturers who tried to raise standards and at the same time obtain mass acceptance failed; he would therefore seek the least common denominator in the housing field. He would find that 69 per cent of American families want to own their own separate home. He would find that the symbol of home and security, as established by millions of advertisements and magazine illustrations, is a Cape Cod cottage. The desire for individuality, it appears, can be assuaged by as little as a change in door trim, a trellis, or a colored roof, and presents no technical difficulty.

However, he would be a little put out with the people who had told him that there was no difference between making an automobile by mass production and making a house. The automobile is built for a standard foundation supplied by the government—our great road system—and is driven up to a service station for fuel, water, and air; but a house is expected to blend with a varying terrain, and water, electricity, and a sewer connection must be brought to it. These improvements obviously are not so susceptible of discipline and prefabrication.

The future American community will forever owe a debt to those Washington site planners who have demonstrated that the revered practical engineers were wrong when they laid out a subdivision by first cutting down the trees and then dividing the land into rectangular lots and a gridiron pattern of streets. For years good designers have fought against this practice; the higher-priced developments, the green-belt towns, have been laid out in harmony with the land and nature. Now, in

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many spots scattered over the country, defense and war-housing projects have shown how charming planned housing can be on irregular wooded land where the site gives individuality to the repeated forms of houses that would be monotonous in the usual geometric pattern. The first costs of such planning are probably higher, but there is a saving of the money that would be subsequently spent by the hapless buyer in replanting a desecrated site.

Another lesson learned from war housing is the value of the community idea. War workers have needed planned community services, such as nurseries, clinics, schools, facilities for shopping and recreation, and it has been found that these crystallize a feeling of neighborliness and reestablish community responsibility in the most elementary unit of democracy. Incidentally, one great task of those who are to replan our cities will be to regroup and develop the services that form the nucleus of neighborhoods. The arrangement of these today is completely chaotic in most cities: the school is in one area, recreation in another, and the shopping district in still another.

Most current plans for prefabrication are concerned primarily with the structure or shell of the house, but the greatest advances in housing since the beginning of the century have been connected with the mechanical plant—the heating, plumbing, lighting, and other conveniences symbolic of our culture. These are the items which have been raising the cost of our homes; indeed, it has been said that we could still build an 1880 house for about its original cost if we did not include contemporary necessities. Manufacturers are probably planning more and fancier accessories for our post-war houses, but this trend should be checked, and perhaps the big prefabricating companies will have means to do so. In recent years the manufacturers of parts and fittings for houses have had almost exclusive access to national advertising and have disposed of vastly more capital for promotion than architects and builders. This has caused prospective home owners to view a house as a collection of glamorous details rather than as an organic whole.

An interesting example of the integration of what have in recent years been thought of as separate mechanisms is a compact new kitchen unit developed for war housing which heats the house and provides heat for cooking and hot water as well. It is new, but it is simply the logical development of the old-fashioned kitchen range. Undoubtedly, successful operators will pay increasing attention to the simplification of the heating, plumbing, and lighting systems and bring pressure on the parts manufacturers to comply with this trend. At the same time new inventions will create new demands. It is safe to predict that radiant heat will to some extent supplant air conditioning as an ideal in the popular mind, fluorescent lighting will require a fresh approach to the design of fixtures, and the television screen will demand changes in the lay-out of rooms.

A recurrent subject in any discussion of post-war building is the use of plastics. The *Architectural Forum*, probably the most progressive of the professional magazines, devoted its September, 1942, issue to stimulating interest in the possibilities of the post-war house. An expert engaged in promoting plastics in the domestic market was gratified to note the number of times plastics were specified for the house of the future but was dismayed to find the extremely low percentage of cases in which its use was valid. Plastics can be used in an amazing variety of ways, but they cannot be expected to substitute for everything, any more than cargo planes can be expected to supplant coal cars. The advertisers have sold America the idea of new materials; now industry faces the harder task of seeing that the materials are used intelligently. Unfortunately, most manufacturers follow the lead of a certain typical vice-president who listed a number of newly discovered synthetics and boasted that his company would be equally successful in creating needs for them. For consumers the real benefit of the great development of plastics will be its effect on the manufacturers of other materials. While the Forest Products Laboratory is developing a plastic ply-paper as strong as steel, the steel industry brings out alloys which enable it to produce an airplane only a few pounds heavier than an aluminum one; the forced expansion of aluminum production is going to bring the price of aluminum windows down to where they will compete with wooden ones. And so we come to the delightful prospect of choosing materials not on a basis of cost but on that of how well they perform a specific task.

No one can tell today what material any object will be made of in the future. The only safe prediction about the materials industry is that the struggle for the post-war market will exhaust the ideas of the advertising agencies and bring prosperity to the professional and trade building magazines.

The aristocratic craft unions—masons, carpenters, plasterers, electricians, and plumbers—have long been blamed for the high cost of building, and it is true that they have fought the use of power tools and new techniques. But by the end of this year it is predicted that only 400,000 men will be left at work on buildings, and on many of these projects mass-production methods are in full sway. On some defense-housing jobs carpenters are forbidden to have a saw with them—pre-cut parts must fit, and all that is needed is a hammer. The proportion of unskilled men on a job has greatly increased. It is interesting to speculate what effect the regular hours, industrial methods, and lower hourly rates of war jobs will have on men accustomed to high hourly pay but resigned to long lay-offs between jobs and to

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job stoppages caused by bad weather. Will the unions perhaps make a separate rate for large-scale projects and prefabrications when given reasonable assurance of continuous work, while maintaining the higher rates for jobs put up in the old craft way? On what ground can the unions reestablish their bans against the labor-saving techniques they have had to use during the war?

Many persons consider a revision of our various building codes a fundamental condition of post-war building activity. Certainly most codes are outworn, capable of diverse interpretations which result in graft for many building inspectors, and so drawn as to hold back the use of new materials and techniques. Here again war-time practice has caused the suspension of many laws and may open the way for reasonable changes. With revision of the law should come greater power for some of our planning commissions, which often have only advisory status. Unless there is some intelligent control over the growth of our communities, our new building boom will result in more slums and blighted areas.

If we continue to solve the exciting problem of using our myriad materials and titanic productive forces by cramming gadgets into structures considered beautiful because they simulate inherited forms, we shall fail in our purpose. Our designers must join forces with the sociologist, the physician, and scientists in many other fields to discover the physical and psychological needs of men in communities. Then they must be free to evolve new forms based on use, and these will be the beauty of our time. Organized research of this type is virtually nonexistent compared to the study of historical and abstract art carried on in our subsidized foundations. Architecture is said to be the true picture of the social and economic forces of an era. In the century of the common man architecture should culminate in the common man's dwelling.

In the Wind

GENERAL MILLS and eight or ten other corporations have pulled out of the National Association of Manufacturers because of Chairman William P. Witherow's recent speech in which he spoke sneeringly of a "TVA on the Danube" and "a quart of milk for every Hottentot."

THE SPANISH Library of Information, official Phalangist propaganda bureau, has closed its New York office, but Gaytan y Ayala, its director, carries on as press attaché of the Spanish embassy. The Phalangist newspaper *Nueva España,* published in New York, informs its readers that for 30 cents per half-ounce they can communicate by air mail with Germany, Italy, and occupied France as well as Spain, with the Spanish embassy playing post office.

MONTGOMERY, WARD is advertising in the Chicago *Tribune* for "active, strong girls," aged seventeen to twenty-eight. "When you work at Ward's," it adds as an inducement, "you may or may not join a union, as you prefer."

A MICHIGAN school superintendent recently protested to the legislature about the small appropriations for education, but John P. Espie, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, put him in his place. "The old people of the state are receiving $22 per month pension, which is ridiculous," Mr. Espie wrote. "Please compare that with the salary received by the school teachers of Michigan. The trouble with you school people, you can only see your problem."

IN A NAZI BROADCAST aimed at America, Robert Best has announced his intention to run for the Presidency of the United States in 1944. "Best for President" clubs, says Best, are already springing up all over the country. The only American newspaperman who chose to stay in Germany after war was declared, Best suggested in a recent broadcast that one Jew be killed for every German soldier who falls on the Russian front.

A COAL DEALER in Atlanta displays in his main office a plaque bearing the names of employees in the armed forces. There are two separate lists. One is marked "Colored."

STANDARD RADIO, a Chicago corporation, now offers radio stations a collection of transcriptions carrying "authentic battle sounds of World War II."

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE committee on publications is fighting a proposed California law which would permit public-health officials to treat venereal diseases in children more than fourteen years old without consent of their parents. The committee holds that such a law would invalidate that section of the state Venereal Disease Act which permits treatment of such diseases by prayer.

E. J. GARNER, now under indictment for conspiracy to undermine the morale of the armed forces, is still publishing leaflets. His latest states, "If Jews do go daffy and murder somebody who is opposing communism, like is being talked about these days, then pogroms will break out in this country of ours overnight."

CANDOR: The Syracuse, New York, *Herald-Journal,* a staunchly Republican paper, reports that Republican leaders in Albany are disappointed at the number of Democrats "frozen into lucrative state civil-service jobs," and suggests—in a news item, not an editorial—a way to get around the difficulty. "If the Republicans really want to go gunning for jobs now supposedly beyond the patronage veil," it says with a fine Republican flair for metaphor, "they could do so by having legislation enacted changing titles and duties. This would oust the incumbents, and the jobs could be restored under new titles."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Report Out of Spain

I. Politics and War

THE departure from Spain of José Rodríguez Vega, secretary of the General Workers' Union (U. G. T.), has thrown new light on the situation of the country under the Franco regime. Vega's escape from the fascist terror is one of the most amazing in recent years. Because of his position he was probably the most important trade-union leader left in Spain at the end of the war. He was of course thrown into prison by Franco's police, and would undoubtedly have been executed had it not been for the extraordinary coincidence that another anti-fascist with an identical name had been shot almost immediately after the entrance of Franco into Madrid. Through that confusion of names Vega ultimately succeeded in obtaining his release and then disappeared into obscurity. Toward the end of November, 1942, he crossed the frontier into Portugal. Eventually he came to the United States on his way to Mexico, where he has just arrived.

Of course this whole experience implies a series of collaborations about which I shall give no information but which prove how deeply the Franco regime is undermined.

"The whole thing is falling to pieces," Rodríguez Vega told me. "If this afternoon," he continued, looking at one of the newspapers I carried, "a big headline were to appear announcing that Franco had fallen, I should not be at all surprised." (By profession Vega is a printer, and what astonished him most about the American press was the huge headlines in the evening papers.)

"But even with Hitler backing him up?"

"Others back him up as much as Hitler," replied Rodríguez Vega. "The men who are his best support today are Ambassadors Hoare and Hayes."

The Republican opposition in Spain cannot understand the American Ambassador. Some people seek an explanation in the fact that he is a Catholic. He is considered one of the pawns in the great maneuver initiated by the visit of Myron Taylor to Rome—undoubtedly one of the most fascinating and well-kept secrets in the diplomacy of World War II. But even viewed from this angle, the activities of Mr. Hayes astonish them. Why, they ask, should he be allowed to go so far merely to please the Catholic church, which after three years of beatific neutrality has suddenly come forward to promote peace and plan the post-war world?

"Certainly the people most surprised by the assiduous courtship of Franco by the great democratic powers," said Vega, "are the group who surround him. They know how weak they are inside their own country. They go on from day to day, uncertain of their survival. But when they hear Ambassador Hayes speak, they must say to themselves: 'Heaven knows we count for little here in Spain, but in London and Washington we are really somebody!' What else can they think when they hear the American Ambassador say that political refugees will have no voice in the political future of Spain? Everyone knows that the refugees and the people fighting against Franco in Spain are an unbreakable unity, that the political parties and the trade unions are largely in exile. There was a time when every film coming from Mexico —no matter how bad it might be—was furiously applauded in Spain. The reason was that Mexico is the country which has accepted more Spanish refugees than any other." (Even from the pan-American point of view, the attitude of Ambassador Hayes is a little hard to understand.)

Dozens of precise details reported by Vega confirm the deterioration of the Franco regime on which *The Nation* has insisted for three years. We have felt it from a distance, but Rodríguez Vega has followed it on the spot day by day. He tells, for instance, of the effect produced by a sensational document about Franco which appeared not long ago. The publication of anti-Franco literature is in itself nothing sensational. The underground, which operates with surprising regularity in Spain, has its periodicals and its pamphlets. The Socialists publish a small news bulletin three times a week. *Mundo Obrero,* organ of the Communists, and other publications make up a comparatively large illegal literature. But the novelty in the document on Franco was the fact that it came from the inner circles of the regime. Even names were mentioned. One of them was that of Pedro Sainz Rodríguez, a Monarchist professor and banker who was in Franco's Cabinet during the war.

In the document Franco is directly accused of several things: of having collaborated with the Republic (he had held one of the highest military posts under the reactionary government of Lerroux-Gil Robles in 1934); of not having supported the Sanjurjo plot against the Republic in 1932; of having hesitated to participate in the revolt of 1936, presenting himself in Africa only after the movement had triumphed there—a rather strange accusation since Franco, in collaboration with the Germans and Italians, was undoubtedly one of the chief

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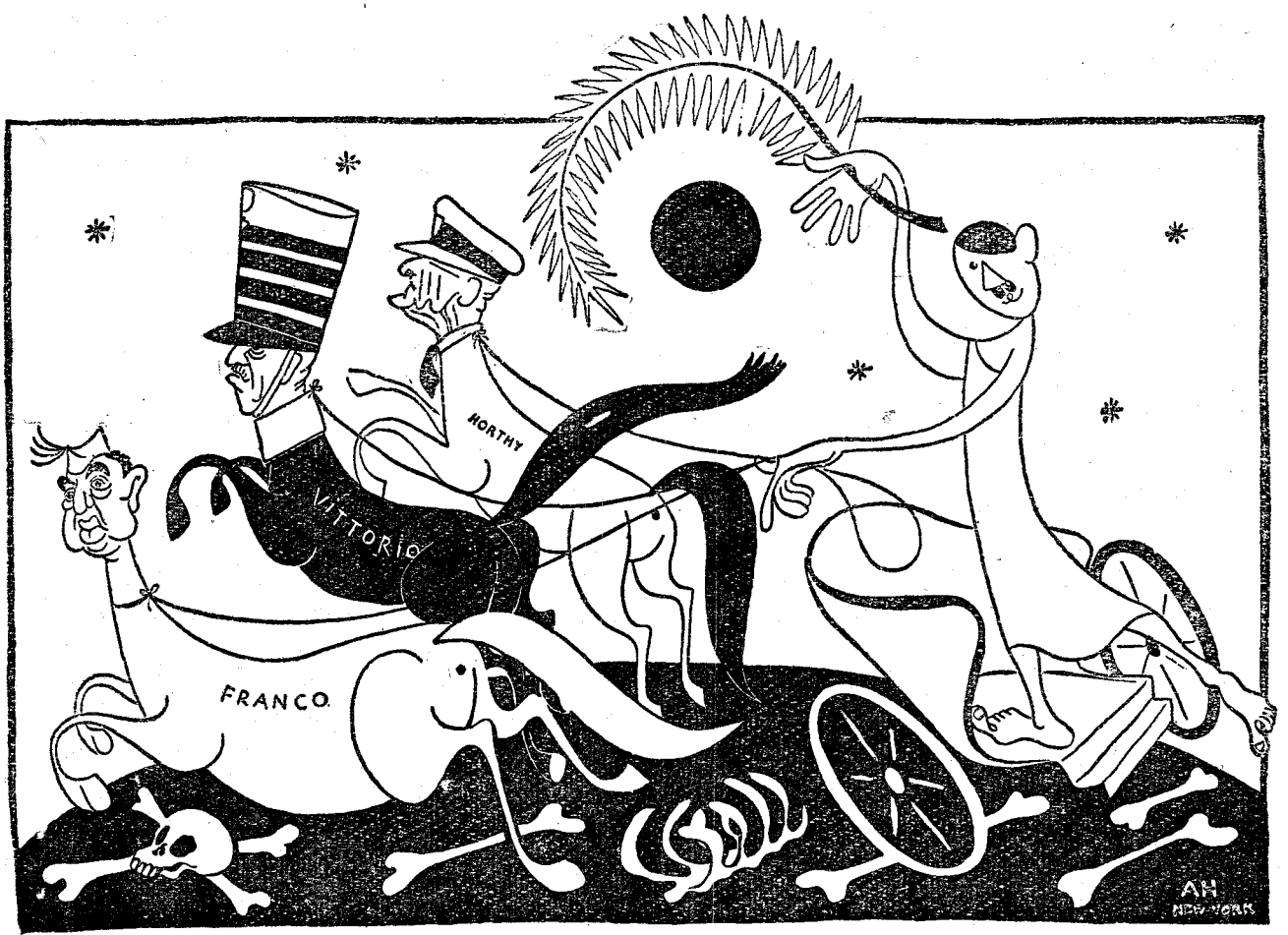
organizers of the revolt. Even on purely military grounds he is denied credit for the defeat of the Republic. Franco, says the document, is a good "division general" but nothing more. The success of the rebellion is largely attributed to General Vigón, a former officer of the General Staff and at present Minister of Air, a man close to the Bourbons. This "build-up" of Vigón is not without interest, since he, together with Varela and Yagüe, has been suggested as chief of the cabinet of generals which might eventually replace Franco.

According to Vega there are certain informed persons in Spain who foresee a development of the situation along these lines: first, a *junta* of generals which would succeed Franco and definitely eliminate the Phalanx from the political direction of the country. Later, a slow return to normality. Finally, and inevitably, a restoration of the Republic. The monarchists' hour has passed. If a monarchy continues to seem the ideal solution to Sir Samuel Hoare, it commands less and less support within the country—despite the fact that an emissary, recently arrived from Switzerland, circulated in underground groups a message from Don Juan saying that the first thing he would do when he assumed power would be to grant a complete amnesty and invite all refugees to return to Spain. (On this point he goes a little farther than Ambassador Hayes!)

In this as in all projects of political change the chief object is the elimination of the Phalanx. All the currents of discontent converge against the Phalanx. It is the only enemy that counts. Vega confirms the interpretation given in these columns to the latest changes in the Council of the Phalanx. The Phalanx was strengthened, not weakened, by those changes. Its position now is more solid than it was before the crisis in which Serrano Suñer was dropped as Foreign Minister. And it is the growing opposition to the Phalanx which has recently led certain military elements to make contact with the underground —opposition both to the Phalanx and to the prospect of being plunged into war on the side of Hitler.

During Vega's period of hiding there were several occasions when involvement in the war seemed imminent. The last was on November 10 just after the American troops had landed in North Africa. The underground was one of the first to perceive the danger of a Nazi move and the first to take steps to meet it.

This is what the people who fight illegally in Spain, and who are always on guard against a Nazi coup, cannot understand. They cannot understand why the Allies, who could easily have established an unequivocal political situation in Spain, preferred to perpetuate a regime which Hitler may well use to jeopardize their position in the Mediterranean. It would have been so easy to avoid



Drawing by A. Hoffmeister

Hitler's Three Favorite War Horses Start a Peace Drive

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that risk by withdrawing support from Franco and allowing their allies, the Spanish people, to reestablish the Republic. On one point Vega is absolutely positive: Hitler can never march through Spain without the complicity of the Spanish administration. If one day the Nazis should enter Spain and Franco should feign surprise and adopt a pose of opposition, his attitude would be as farcical as that of Pétain when he gave the order to Frenchmen to resist the total occupation of France.

The reasons for the rapid decline of the Franco regime are manifold. Vega confirms many of the points made by Thomas J. Hamilton in his recent book, "Appeasement's Child: The Franco Regime in Spain." In speaking of the repression Vega gives a much higher estimate of the number of victims than we had previously heard. Nearly two and a half million persons, he says, in one way or another—through executions, prisons, concentration camps, disciplinary battalions, temporary arrests—have experienced "Franco justice."

Industrialists and business men who supported and financed Franco now blame the Phalanx for the stagnation of certain industries. That some of these industries are paralyzed as a consequence of the repression is admitted in Franco's own press. In one issue of *Arriba* which Vega brought with him this comment was made: "The relative paralysis of mining is partly due to the number of miners who are in prison." The industrialists also begin to blame the foreign policy of the Phalanx for the scarcity of raw materials that keeps many of their factories closed. "Of course," they say, "as long as Spain stands with the Germans, England and the United States will not send raw materials and food here—and they are the only countries which have them." (Perhaps when Vega left Spain the flood of oil and other materials had not arrived in the quantities recently reported by Ambassador Hayes; or, more likely, they had arrived and gone directly to Franco's army and to Nazi Germany.)

Farmers, too, suffer. Apart from the general crisis, the demoralization of the regime has transformed the agrarian reforms into a comedy. When a landowner gets beyond his depth in debt and has no idea how to pay off his mortgage, he uses his influence with the Ministry of Agriculture, which buys his farm at a handsome price with public funds. The farm is then distributed among the peasants with the blessing of the priest and speeches praising the virtues of the new "Catholic socialism."

Those who still eat in Spain eat thanks to the *estraperlo*. (The *estraperlo* is a popular slang expression for racketeering.) One day in Madrid a couple of women were arrested for selling sausages and cold cuts in the black market. Hauled into the office of the district chief of police, one of the women said: "You can put me in jail, but in your house nobody will eat meat. Your wife buys all her meat through me." And she was very sure of gaining her freedom.

The *estraperlo* plays a role in the field of raw materials, too. No one can buy steel or wood or cement except through the *estraperlo*. Obviously, under such circumstances, it is impossible to budget the expenses of any enterprise. The leading *estraperlistas* are, of course, the Phalangists themselves. They, and in lesser degree officers of the army, civil servants, and so on, must have money not only to cover the inflated expenses of living but to take care of their amusements. In Spain few things have been rebuilt, but never were there more cafes and cabarets open in Madrid. There, a package of Lucky Strikes costs $2.50, a cocktail $3, and a pair of Nylon stockings, rarely obtainable, $35. The only free commodity is the slogan "Long Live Franco"—but very few people use it. A. DEL V.

[*A second part of this report, to appear next week, will deal with life in the Spanish prisons and the activities of the underground.*]

Program for Austria

BY JULIUS DEUTSCH

AFTER a couple of years of obscurity, Austria became a front-page story again a few months ago. The immediate cause of this renewed interest was nothing that Austrians could feel enthusiastic about. It was the creation of an Austrian Battalion in the American army, and the reinstatement of its "appointed commander," Otto of Hapsburg, as a favorite of Washington and New York society. Through Otto, some people became very pro-Austrian again. Of course, they supported an Austria that had as little to do with the true Austria as the one constructed from Viennese music, operettas, and moving pictures. They forgot the small bourgeoisie, the workers, and the peasant masses—the backbone of the country.

Forming as they do the overwhelming majority of the population, the workers and peasants have given their impress to Austrian politics, which are for that reason much simpler than the outside world imagines. There have always been only two big parties—the Social Democratic Party, representing the workers, and the Christian Social Party, in essence a peasant party but including also the conservative middle class.

In the last free elections, in 1932, the Social Democratic Party received 42 per cent of the votes cast, the Christian Socialists 36 per cent. Together, the two parties controlled more than three-fourths of the seats in Parliament. The rest were divided among the Great Germany Party, the National German Agrarians, and the fascist Heimwehr. Neither the Communists nor the Monarchists, it should be noted, ever succeeded in winning a single seat of the 165 in the Austrian Parliament.

As long as the two big parties remained halfway at

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peace, the small splinter groups in Parliament had no importance. The impetus to change came from outside. To extend his sphere of influence in the Danube region Mussolini bought and paid for certain ambitious Austrian politicians. One of these was Prince Rüdiger von Starhemberg, who says himself in his memoirs that he received a total of 3,600,000 schillings. With this Italian money mercenaries were hired and weapons procured, and soon the "political movement" represented by the Heimwehr was supported by a private army.

The Christian Socialists, led by Dollfuss, then committed the unpardonable sin of making an alliance with the fascist Heimwehr. This fatal act was the primary cause of the destruction of Austrian democracy and the ruin of Austria itself. From 1934 to 1938 Mussolini ruled the Danube region. Soon, however, Hitler forced Mussolini to take a back seat; the Third Reich established its supremacy in Central Europe; and Austria, five years ago next week, ceased to exist as an independent state.

The foregoing brief survey brings us to the question of what developments we may expect in Austrian politics after the end of the Second World War. In my opinion the situation will not be much more difficult than it was in 1918. The two great classes that gave the Austrian Republic its character will still exert a decisive influence on affairs. The only probable change will be a further reduction of the bourgeoisie's political importance, which even in the old days was very slight.

The complexity of the Austrian problem derives, therefore, not from the country's internal politics, but from its relations to foreign powers. At the end of the First World War Austria was reduced over night from a great to a small power. In order to live it had to lean, politically and economically, on one of its neighbors. I was a member of the government at that time, and I could tell many a tale about the difficulties we encountered in trying to reach satisfactory understandings with the states that had formerly been part of Austria-Hungary. For that reason *Anschluss* with Germany seemed the best, one might say the most natural, solution. In Parliament the proposal found unanimous acceptance. And not only in Parliament; the great majority of the people saw no other solution for the nation's thousand and one problems. There was no opposition to *Anschluss*.

This statement may not be welcome to every ear today. But it defines the political situation at the end of the First World War and points to what, after the Second, will be the crucial problem of the Danube region.

When the United Nations have overthrown Hitler, they are likely to undo everything that the Nazis did by force. Since Austria was obviously a victim of Nazi violence, they will annul the *Anschluss* and try to restore the conditions that existed prior to March, 1938. But no such negative action will solve the Austrian problem. Nor will material aid to the Austrian people suffice, important as it may be to prevent a continuing economic crisis in the heart of Europe. The new order in the Danube region must not only relieve Austrian distress but remove possible causes of a future war. It is no accident that both the First World War and the Second really started in Central Europe.

In a region which contains so many seeds of conflict how can a lasting peace be established? The answer is, through a federation of the Danube states in the frame of a general European federation.

The first condition of a Danube federation is that it be composed of states that are all equally democratic. A country ruled by a landed aristocracy like Hungary, for example, could not enter into a real union with a democracy. Half-feudal states and liberal democracies would never be able to agree on the vital question of the federal government's prerogatives. Yet a union of states must be given power in order to exercise power. Fortunately, the sharp trend to the left throughout Central Europe which will follow the overthrow of fascist rule will prepare the various states to renounce their sovereign rights. A second condition of a Danube federation is that all the component countries have a republican form of government. The Hapsburgs left behind such a heritage of hate that their restoration is unthinkable.

The positive goal for the time immediately after the collapse of Nazi power will therefore be to restore the democratic-republican constitution in Austria, to set up a strong government of workers and peasants, and to secure Austria's collaboration with its neighbors in a democratic Danube federation which will be part of a European federation.

FROM BERLIN AND ROME

Berlin broadcast to North America: "Spain is not to be won over by Churchill or Roosevelt blandishments or promises of enriched economic life. If the red peril really threatens Europe, Spain as a nation can be counted upon to join the ranks of the half-dozen European countries which are fighting against this peril. Spain has already sent many thousands of Spanish volunteers and workers who are fighting on the eastern front and working in the factories of Germany."

Fernandez Cuesta, new Spanish ambassador in Rome, in an interview in Gazeta del Popolo, *Rome:* "There can be no doubt concerning Spain's attitude toward the Bolshevik menace. Spain more than any other country has had an opportunity to experience the criminal tactics of a Communist revolution, and therefore when the European campaign against the barbarism of Moscow commenced, many thousands of Spaniards volunteered for service."

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Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

WITH growing vehemence and frequency Germans are being told that they cannot count on England and America to save them from eventual bolshevization. Quite the contrary. Washington and London have already definitely promised the Russians that Germany shall belong to them. In this respect the two Anglo-Saxon powers are only—Herr Fritzsche first used the phrase on February 10—"Russia's auxiliaries." To hammer this fact in, countless "open avowals that they intend to deliver Europe over to bolshevism" have been fabricated. Proof of America's purpose is found in articles alleged to be by the journalist Constantine Brown, "Roosevelt's expert on European affairs," and by Walter Lippmann, "Roosevelt's speaking trumpet." The English point of view is represented by the British ambassador at Moscow, and especially by Lord Beaverbrook, to whom is attributed the statement: "Anybody is crazy who sees a danger to Europe in bolshevization" (Fritzsche).

Of course the Jews are said to be behind it all. "Capitalism and bolshevism are not opposites but are both a form of Jewish domination." If they can't have open capitalistic tyranny, the Jews are perfectly content to have "capitalistic tyranny in the guise of bolshevism" (Goebbels on February 18). Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin, the three representatives of the Jews, have now reached an agreement on how the world shall be divided up after the war: Europe shall be Jewish-bolshevist; the rest of the world Jewish-plutocratic. Therefore, Germans, no one will save you from what you dread unless you do it yourselves! "Great Britain and the United States are not only in no position to protect Europe from bolshevism; they have no intention of trying" (Fritzsche). Defend yourselves unto death!

There is some risk, of course, in this method of whipping up the people to action. The effect might just as well be to paralyze them. If everyone outside Germany is agreed that they are to be bolshevized, what is the use of struggling? However, the expectation is that it will work the other way.

A new police force, in addition to the many others that already exist, has been organized by Herr Himmler in the villages and farming regions. It is called the *Landwacht*, or country guard. Its members do not wear a uniform but have an armband, and their duties are not a full-time job but are performed in connection with their usual occupations. It is clear that the new force was organized to deal with the many foreign workmen and prisoners of war now in the Reich. These do not work in gangs in the field, nor are they behind bars. They could easily shirk, or skip out, or now and then steal food and clothing, or even attempt *Rassenschande*. The danger has grown as the number of foreign helots in Germany has increased; this is said to have risen from 6,000,000 in September, including war prisoners, to 11,000,000 today. So a new army of guards has been formed—and that reminds us that little net profit is derived from this slave labor. Whatever it may be worth in itself, it pins down a very considerable amount of German man-power. The thousands of barracks in which the forced workers live behind barbed wire must be guarded; escort platoons must conduct the men to their place of work and bring them back; in the factories the foreigners are divided into cells of ten men over each of which is placed a German supervisor.

Moreover, every foreign worker is made the special responsibility of a German worker, and in this relationship the language difficulty has been felt with devastating force. The Nazi government hoped at first to overcome the difficulty through "organization." Compulsory lessons in the German language were given in the barracks after working hours, but there was a lack of books and teachers and, on the part of the pupils, a lack not only of good-will but, after ten, twelve, or fourteen hours of work on an inadequate diet, of vitality. The speech lessons were a fiasco; and we know, for example, that the I. G. Farben-Industrie, the chemical trust, has abandoned them completely. In their stead this firm has experimented with a primer, a very elementary illustrated primer such as children might use, which is given to every foreign worker. This primer contains only the fifty most important words in the German language, in their simplest form. For example, no attention is paid to the conjugation of verbs; the infinitive alone is given—*ich sein, du sein, er sein,* and so forth. But even this has not seemed to work. And the inability of the workers to understand one another, according to reports, has caused countless stoppages, mistakes, and conflicts. Not the least serious of the consequences is the way the German hands—overworked, physically reduced, and nervous—suffer from the irritations that continually arise.

These things explain in part why the millions of foreign forced workers provide such inadequate relief for the German man-power situation.

Correction

An error occurred in a statement appearing in the article entitled Sikorski's Opposition, by Peter Davenport, in the issue of January 30. The statement asserted that Edward Weintal is "now on the pay roll of the Yugoslav ambassador, Constantin Fotich." The word "now" appeared in the quoted phrase as the result of an editorial slip. During the visit of King Peter of Yugoslavia to the United States in the summer of 1942, Mr. Weintal conducted the King's press relations but is no longer serving in that capacity. He is at present employed by the Office of War Information.

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YEATS: THE IMAGE AND THE BOOK

BY MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

THE felicity of the life of a genius can never be recognized until after the event of his achievement. His work alone justifies his acts and gifts and supports a *propter hoc* on his fortunes. "The private history of any sincere work looms large with its own completeness," said James; and it is this retrospective logic of greatness that is most passionately envied by common men. Once the validity or strength of the artist's work is clear, every chance or mischance of his career, every risk or peril that deforms or defeats the average existence, takes on the justice of destiny, the beatitude of his vocation. Form is imposed on the chaos or confusion of experience; life receives the stamp of purpose and of permanence. So the dark night of Hopkins or Rilke rivals the sun's fine weather of Goethe; the agony of Baudelaire becomes more enviable than the serenity of Ronsard; Blake's madness proves as sane as Wordsworth's sobriety; Rimbaud snatches from defeat a triumph surer than Hugo's. To loom large in the dimensions of art is so great a passion in men that even those who fear or despise it are willing to submit to its price in indignity or embarrassment if they may share in its endurance. "Seven cities warr'd for Homer, being dead"; the citizens of three English towns competed for the immortality of surviving as the swine of Dickens's Eatanswill; statesmen claim a share in the tragedies of Poe and Dostoevski; men and women of impregnable respectability sue for the honor of having been vilified by Heine or seduced by Byron. Redeem us, they plead, from our safety, our boredom, and our nonentity. Proust's law touches all of us: "Life as it flows is so much time wasted, and nothing can ever be recovered or truly possessed save under the form of eternity which is also the form of art."

An age as baffled and demoralizing as ours makes men more anxious than ever to recover themselves from its waste and stupidity by possessing an identity in the work of its image-makers and heroes of form. The impulse may be tragic: witness its results in the worship of demagogues and symbolic leaders. It may also be more happily regenerative: we live half our lives in the world that Mann or Proust, Eliot or Rilke, has arrested and made solid under our feet. Thus the great appeal of the work of Yeats, with its supreme testimony of personal salvation in an age of confusion and defeats. His poetry in its sixty-year evolution and triumph is already a document on its times; now that the life out of which it issued is complete, his career becomes more than ever an object of envious attention and analysis. Joseph Hone's biography*—the first full record of Yeats's life thus far attempted—is certainly one of the most enthralling books the year is likely to see.

Of the two difficulties that alternately harass the biographers of poets—the embarrassment of poverty that comes of finding little or nothing in the life to account for the poetry, the rarer embarrassment of riches that comes of finding too much—the historian of Yeats obviously works under the second. His problem is further complicated by the fact that Yeats anticipated him, in verse, prose, and autobiographies, at every point of his task. Yeats took his life, almost from the beginning, as "an experiment that needs analysis and record" ("at least my generation so valued personality that it thought so"); he sought "an image not a book"—the continuous vitality of symbolic experience and action, not the tact and decorum of a purposive career ("Self-interest and self-preservation," said his greatest teacher, his father, "are the death of poetry"). His energies were held in tension between purpose and instinct: between seeking his spiritual victory in "an intellectual daily re-creation of all that exterior fate snatches away" and making an art that should be "a fountain jetting from the entire hopes, memories, and sensations of the body." ("I must," he wrote in his diary in 1909, "keep one note from leading to another that I may not surrender myself to literature. . . . Neither Christ nor Buddha nor Socrates wrote a book, for to do that is to exchange life for a logical process.") He took it as his supreme task to "understand why there is a deep enmity between a man and his destiny, and why a man loves nothing but his destiny." The life he lived exists in two realities: historical and imaginative, actual and symbolic, book and image. It is with both those realities—with their mutual necessity, their complementary existence—that every biographer or critic of Yeats is taxed, and every reader faced, if Yeats's value for the men of his time is to be realized.

It is the book of Yeats's life rather than its image that Mr. Hone has set himself to write, as it was the symbolic image, in its fullest derivation and reference, that concerned Mr. MacNeice in his recent study of the poetry.* The work of biography could hardly, at this early stage of Yeats's posthumous history, have fallen into abler hands than Mr. Hone's. His skill and tact—already seen in his excellent "Life of George Moore" six years ago, a better book than this one by virtue of its simpler subject and freer conditions—here work under official privileges which, though they have imposed inhibitions that make the poet's later career obscure at a good many points, will be enjoyed by none of his successors. What Keats said of Shakespeare is far more explicitly true of Yeats: he led a life of allegory upon which his work is the comment. Mr. Hone resumes the full record:

* "W. B. Yeats: 1865-1939." By Joseph Hone. The Macmillan Company. $6.
"The Poetry of W. B. Yeats." By Louis MacNeice. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

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childhood in Dublin and Sligo among those "old fathers" and "half-legendary men" of the West—Butlers, Pollexfens, Corbets, Middletons; school days in Dublin and London with Yeats's father as a mentor in wisdom and sympathy apparently unrivaled among the fathers of poets (happily Mr. Hone is soon to publish a collection of the letters and papers of this superb individualist); the eighties and nineties in London and Paris, where Yeats was divided between the "tragic generation"—Dowson, Wilde, Johnson—and those people of "militant action"—Morris, Henley, O'Leary, Shaw, Maud Gonne, the Parnellites—who were preparing the future; the return to Ireland, a dramatic moment in modern literature, to join with Lady Gregory, Martyn, Moore, and Synge in the battles of the Abbey Theater; the return to the larger world and to a poetry of responsibilities; the drama of 1916, of civil war, and of the new Free State; marriage at fifty-two; the final creative phase announced by "The Tower"; and the apotheosis of old age. To what was already familiar in this history Mr. Hone adds many details: we learn the importance to Yeats's thought or verse of mystics like W. T. Horton, Mohini Chatterji, and MacGregor Mathers the cabalist; of T. W. Rolleston, Ian Hamilton, Thomas Davis, Olivia Shakespear, and Mabel Beardsley; of the women who so decisively influenced Yeats's character (though here the facts are cautiously shrouded); of the conflicting politics of Maud Gonne, the Parnellites, the Unionists, the Treaty party, and the O'Duffy Blueshirts with whom he temporized in his last decade. Yeats saw his friends and enemies in a hierarchy of values; and the pageant of these people—"Ireland's history in their lineaments"—furnishes not only a drama of causes unrivaled in modern poetic experience but an annotation of the materials whereby Yeats substanced and tested the conceptions his imaginative and philosophical experiments were yielding him.

His life has a greater import than that of its rich opportunities and contacts. It is an emblem of modern experience, a parable of intellectual and moral exoneration in an age of unstable thought, "skeptical faith," and moral irresponsibility and evasion. The shape his career assumes is the shape imposed on it not only by his experiments in art, thought, and action, but by the conflict of personal will at grips with the typically modern passivity to fate and historical necessity which he saw as an evil of his times. His art is so brilliant and compelling that it tends to make his readers impose an excessive justice, a kind of *ex post facto* idealism, on his experience and ideas; but this tendency, which may often go to extremes, is countered by another: the critical repudiation of Yeats's way of art and thought—the acceptance of his poetry without admitting the truth of the forces and conditions that brought it into being. One review of Mr. Hone's book has already stressed Yeats as "ignorant of philosophy" and has presented as literal his statement in "A Vision" that his symbolic system may be regarded as "stylistic arrangements of experience" that "have helped me to hold in a single thought reality and justice." Another has announced that Yeats "never thought well" and that, while their "transmutation into poetry" is convincing, "his excursions into Berkeley and Plotinus, his attempts to rebut Bertrand Russell, his gleeful infatuation with viscous Oriental mysticism are pathetic." All this comes from the contemporary habit of looking on beliefs and spiritual processes as mainly if not wholly instrumental, justified only after the fact of their utility or stimulus is demonstrated in a result. It tends to be the stress made by Mr. MacNeice in his highly resourceful and suggestive study, which interprets Yeats from the vantage-point of a "reality" of which he was largely innocent but which a later generation has at its disposal; and it reappears in Mr. Auden's review of the Hone book when he says that "Yeats's temptation—he never succumbed to it completely—to regard art as a religious ritual damages the art, for it prevents the artist from taking serious risks of failure. Magnificent as is their diction, I cannot but feel that his poems lack a certain inner resonance. Each exists solidly enough in its frame of reference, but rarely transcends it. Comparing his poetry with that, for instance, of T. S. Eliot and Robert Graves, I find it, beautiful as it is, lacking in seriousness, which, of course, has nothing to do with solemnity."

This point is serious and it is legitimately raised, but its implication must be clarified. Yeats's work undoubtedly lacks a fully convincing "architectonic" (to revive Arnold's word for it), a consistent and applicable structure of belief and reference; the structure it has often appears strategic, provisional, eclectic, and unstable except in terms of a personal need and imperative. I mean to join in no aspersion on Yeats's verse—to me it is inferior to nothing in modern literature—when I admit that its empirical provisionality keeps it from having the integrated seriousness, superior to both personal and historical emotion, that is the strength of Eliot's. Of this lack—but also of the compensating zeal, energy, and sincerity of his interests—Yeats's life supplies an explanation: he *was* aesthetic in his origins and temperament, he did accept Johnson's idea of ritual well past the age when such consciousness of function and attitude can remain safely overt in a poet, he did risk the laming of his faculties and the enervation of his motives by constant manipulation and curiosity, and his achievement is in a serious degree a victory over wilful indulgences of temperament and sensation. Yeats knew he had to grow from sensation to emotion, from reverie to thought, from passivity to action, from aestheticism to art, and the growth is as much marked by intention as by natural maturity. The growth was personal, sensible, moral, before it was anything else—historical, philosophical, critical. But to deprive it of reality or seriousness is to set up a paradox between Yeats's character and his poetry that admits no solution: if the poetry is real, sound, and true, the experience and "thinking" out of which it issued must be so likewise; and if they are not, it is not.

Yeats would never admit thinking to be an exclusive prerogative of the intellect; it must be a process and occupation of the whole man and of the objects to which his thought is applied—his actions, his friends and enemies, the cones and gyres of "A Vision" that describe the processes of history, good and evil alike. His father once praised a man because he "loved humanity too much to hate any man, and knew too much of history to hate any opinion." Yeats "studied hatred" and cultivated "rage," but however valuable he felt them in his creative life, he knew there is a love that transcends them and without which knowledge, sympathy, justice, and wisdom are impossible. This is perhaps not the moment to hope that such a counsel will be

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adopted by civilized men; an uncivilized work must first be finished. But to those who tend to regard squeamishly Yeats's ideas of history, of the aristocratic principle, and of what many are now emphasizing as his "proto-fascist sympathies," it may be a good moment to suggest that unless Yeats's doctrine is recurred to after present disasters are put by, we may entertain little hope of emerging from "the growing murderousness of the world" or the anarchy of righteousness that has brought it about. Yeats's realities are the realities of our human capacity for vitality and sincerity; his resonance is that of the poetic integrity, whose imagination includes philosophy. If the framework of his thought and insights deprives him, through its specialized symbolism, of taking a place among the very greatest poets, it nevertheless establishes him as a poet preeminent in modern times for his sense of the moral wholeness of humanity and history.

Yeats's life has the superb advantages of its drama and its heroism. But before we claim the drama and heroism as our own, with the easy vicariousness which his poetry encourages, we should do well to remember that they are the achievements of a man who had the power of shaping and controlling them, who wrought them and the poetry that expresses them out of ordeal, division, and a full share of bitterness. It is also necessary to remember that the success of art is never easy. Yeats's life may appear felicitous now that his work is done, but its felicity will prove misleading and his poetry deluding if we imagine that we can enjoy them by assuming our own superiority, as thinkers, realists, and exponents of justice, to the man on whom it fell to prove that his life was fortunate and his talent genuine. There was nothing unreal or facile about that task. And it would be the last irony if Yeats, who hated abstraction, should end by having an abstraction made of his art through its divorce from the truth of his experience and the reality of the thought and imagination out of which it grew.

The Spirit of Norway

THE MOUNTAIN WAITS. By Theodor Broch. St. Paul, Minnesota: Webb Book Publishing Company. $3.

THEY CAME AS FRIENDS. By Tor Myklebost. Translated by Trygve M. Ager. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

HERE are two books on the Norway that cannot be conquered. One is a workmanlike presentation of the record of Norway's fight. The other is a recreation of Norway as it lived and struggled and dreamed in the ten years before the war and as it took the invasion. Myklebost is the competent journalist. Broch is the creative writer. One can be read without the other. Both can be read without duplication.

Broch has taken his own little corner and his personal experience and let the tale unfold itself from that angle. His little corner is a small town in northern Norway which gained world renown in 1939 and may reach the headlines any day again: Narvik, the port from which Sweden's valuable iron ore used to be shipped abroad. He arrived in this town in June, 1930, to hang out his shingle as a lawyer. A married young man of less than thirty years, he settled down without much ado to make a living. To read his modest story, you would not realize that he also happened to be one of the burning young idealists who were helping to make Norway a country of social progress and decent living for everybody. It comes as a surprise to the reader, as it apparently came as a surprise to Broch himself, when the workers of the town decided that this youngster was just the man to be elected Mayor of Narvik.

Broch is a lawyer and he is political-minded. He does not miss anything in telling about the development of his law practice. Nor does he miss anything in describing the social structure and politics of the town and countryside, not even the links between this distant spot of human habitation and world events which deprived the people of the town of their livelihood during the world economic crisis in the early thirties and brought seeming prosperity as the great military powers started pouring in ships to get out Swedish iron ore from across the mountains. His description of the invasion and the invader, of the fighting and the civilian resistance, is meticulous.

But it is all incidental to his main tale, a human story about the people, about friends and family, of Ellen, his wife, and of little Siri, their daughter, both of whom he had to leave behind as he fled from a death sentence, and who were later to meet him in the Middle West of this country, where his book most appropriately has found its publisher. And the Norseman from the land of the Midnight Sun, but above all of weeks and months of winter darkness, tells more than a human story. He tells a story full of humor. Broch relates how one Major Quisling arrived in Narvik late in 1938: "He had just resigned from active military service to devote himself to his philosophical and political studies and was to give a lecture in the Temperance Hall. A rather large group attended. It had been a long time since a circus had been in town." Broch tells of the rescue of the British consular officials who during the invasion had lived in a tool shed in the mountains. One of them knew Norwegian, but the others had pretended to be deaf-mutes when people happened by. After the naval battle of April 13 the cabin had been packed with German sailors who raged and cursed at the British; and Consul Gibbs, shaking his head and smiling, had poured coffee for the uninvited guests. Typically good-natured and dumb Norwegians, the Germans must have thought as they enjoyed the coffee.

At one stage of the invasion Mayor Broch took a German prisoner. "The corporal clicked his heels and declared himself to be my personal prisoner," writes Broch. "I clicked my own heels a little to make it official. But I am afraid I scratched my head in a rather unmilitary fashion. What was I going to do with the poor devil? When I just asked him to disappear, the corporal regained his dignity to a considerable extent and asked for a receipt for his pistol. I became brusque once more and tried to look as mad as a colonel at morning parade. What? Did he not know the simplest war rules? Baggage checks are not issued in such instances!"

Broch has now enlisted and is back in the firing line in the British Isles. His wife and little girl are still with us in the United States and may treasure with us one of the finest literary monuments to the spirit of the Norwegians.

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Myklebost has done an entirely different job. Although he lived through the two months of actual warfare on Norwegian soil and a good part of the occupation period, his person does not appear. His ambition has clearly been to provide a faithful record of Norway's fight as a whole. He does not presume to be the historian of the epoch. He is journalistic in his presentation of the facts. But they are the facts. And the facts are enriched by the experience of an eyewitness and participant. Here is the story of the workers' organizations, the teachers, the clergy, the members of the Storting (Norway's Parliament), the members of the fighting forces of Norway, documents on the muddle of German administration and the inhumanity of Nazi methods. Mr. Quisling is given his due. From it all the perseverance and strength of the democratic way of life emerge.

BJARNE BRAATOY

Lessons of Dieppe

WE LANDED AT DAWN: THE STORY OF THE DIEPPE RAID. By A. B. Austin. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

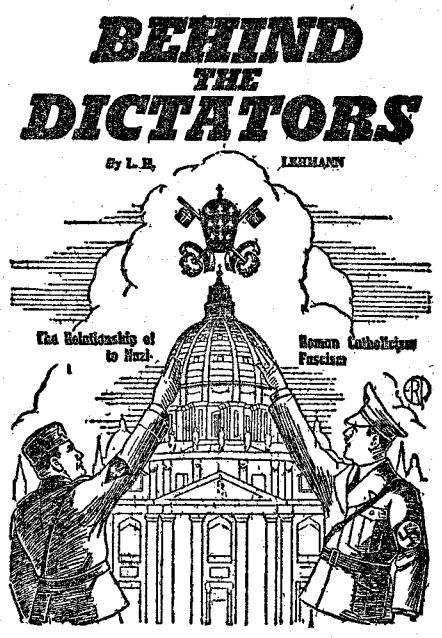
DRESS REHEARSAL: THE STORY OF DIEPPE. By Quentin Reynolds. Random House. $2.

THE Dieppe raid last August was far more than a commando operation. Two commando units took part, and their tasks were to put out of action the two big German coastal batteries to the east and west of Dieppe; if they failed, the whole raid would be smashed. The bulk of the troops, however, were picked battalions of infantry, some of whom prided themselves on being highly trained all-around soldiers and not "just beach-grabbing desperados." In addition to the ground forces, almost as many men of the navy and air force were involved in the battle, for this was a one-day miniature invasion of the Continent.

Rehearsal for war is even more vital than for a play. The Italian rehearsal was in Ethiopia, the Japanese in China, and the German, most brutal and thorough of all, against the Spanish Loyalists. Dieppe, although on a much smaller scale, was a rehearsal of the most complex form of warfare ever known, for here 10,000 men of all three services had to play their parts in coordination and pick up their cues on the minute.

As Mr. Austin points out, a bewildering number of speeds had to be calculated exactly—the speed of the minesweepers that cleared the path, the transports that followed, the landing barges moving through the surf, the men cutting barbed wire, the tanks crawling up the shingle beaches, the fighter planes providing the umbrella overhead. For ten minutes just before dawn the warships were to fire 1,780 shells on to the 1,780 yards of the beach; Quentin Reynolds noted that the barrage opened as the second hand of his watch hit the minute. At one point the men ashore asked the headquarters ship to get their cliff screened with smoke, and within two minutes Boston bombers were laying artificial clouds on them.

The whole operation was much too intricate and too secret for any one reporter to see or reveal all its phases. Mr. Austin covered Dieppe for the British newspapers, Mr. Reynolds



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for *Collier's*. Apart from the main outlines, there is scarcely any duplication in their two books. Mr. Reynolds, who calls so many distinguished persons by their first names, traveled to Dieppe de luxe on the headquarters destroyer, and the brandy was on the King. Mr. Austin had to pay one and sixpence, cash down, for his 1:45 a. m. pork-chop breakfast; he was to land at dawn with Commando 4—men for whom the government had bought one-way, not round-trip, tickets to the English port of embarkation. Mr. Reynolds was disappointed in his hope of getting ashore, but his day was no less dangerous than Mr. Austin's. One of the bombs that hit his ship killed two of the four men with whom he was standing on the deck and seriously wounded the other two, but only knocked a gold inlay out of a Reynolds tooth.

"Dress Rehearsal" should be read first—an amusing and varied hors d'oeuvre. Like "Tristram Shandy," it does not cling closely to the subject, but wanders about among the high adventures of a super-duper correspondent taking a war in his genial stride. We learn at some length that Mr. Reynolds's secretary was so remarkable that she could get a Cabinet minister to serve as a pianist at a London party; that Herbert Marshall once gave a honey of a party for Mr. Reynolds in Hollywood; and that Lord Louis Mountbatten, like Jack Dempsey, Ernest Hemingway, and Clark Gable, has "that indefinable something called color," unlike Sergeant York, John Steinbeck, and Paul Muni, who haven't. Mr. Reynolds, too, has color.

Mr. Austin had so keen an interest in the Dieppe expedition that long before the raid he made practice night landings with the beach-head infantry and even taught some skeptical Scotsmen how to swim in their Mae Wests. When he went ashore with Commando 4, he came as near as he could to fighting alongside them; he prepared mortar shells for firing and carried messages up and down a defile in the cliff under fire.

Both authors agree that the Dieppe raid was not the success that had been hoped for. Commando 3 was slaughtered in the barges and on the beach because it had encountered in the darkness off shore a German convoy which warned the shore defenders of its approach. Of the 5,000 Canadians who formed the bulk of the landing troops, 3,350 were killed, wounded, or missing. Ninety-eight planes were lost that day.

Napoleon and Hitler quailed before the staggering task of sending invasion armies from east to west across the English Channel. Mr. Austin and Mr. Reynolds believe, from the experience gained in the dress rehearsal at Dieppe, that the feat can be accomplished, from west to east, by England and America. To Mr. Austin the most important lesson was that the defensive power of the German air force in Western Europe could be broken. Mr. Reynolds suggests that on another occasion the British bombing force may well be used to soften up the enemy's coastal defenses with an intensive two-hour preliminary barrage of bombs; this was not done at Dieppe because it would have sacrificed surprise. He thinks also that parachute troops attacking from behind might be of great value, and he notes that General Eisenhower, after studying the Dieppe results, made good use of parachute troops in the descent on North Africa.

MARCUS DUFFIELD

Frank Norris

FRANK NORRIS, A STUDY. By Ernest Marchand. Stanford University Press. $3.

AS MR. MARCHAND'S bibliography indicates, there have been few exhaustive studies of Frank Norris. He received quite his share of critical attention from his contemporaries, and while the struggle over naturalism was at its height he was the *bête noire* of the genteel reviewers. Eventually he won wider acceptance; after his untimely death many journals suffered a change of heart, and favorable estimates and appreciations of his work began to appear. But even after the cause which Frank Norris espoused all his life won a victory in American letters, Norris himself gained little from it, and despite his popularity, his stature has, on the whole, diminished. Mr. Marchand's study makes no attempt to establish him in greater eminence. He follows closely Norris's development and evaluates his writing with an equal sympathy for its virtues and its weaknesses.

Norris's shortcomings, as Mr. Marchand shows, were largely those of impatience. He had little use for self-conscious artistry, which to him connoted only the effeteness of the aesthete and the poetaster. "Who cares for fine style! Tell your yarn and let your style go to the devil. We don't want literature, we want life." His appetite for life led him to the development of a style rich in detail and heavy in rhythm, keyed to the power and the brutality which he found everywhere in nature. And yet his style was no more than the measure of his temperament, not the disciplined form of the artist but the inconsistent expression of the man. At times it had dignity and simplicity; but more often it was burdened with a romantic extravagance and fell into the very clichés of the genteel moralists whom Norris despised.

His impatience with style was a result of an even more fundamental impatience with abstract thought. Norris was a poor theorist, and like many of his generation he could embrace the cult of the strong man with a belief in the social responsibility of the individual. In "The Octopus" his spokesman, Presley, reflects his own confusion in recognizing the injustice of railroad monopoly while holding that the abuse of power is inevitable, a manifestation of the same force which underlies all growth. The universe was governed by blind and neutral, if not brutal, force; and yet he believed, or tried to believe, that all things worked resistlessly for the good. Apparently he regarded his confusion as a token of his fidelity to nature.

Perhaps nowhere was his confusion so much in evidence as in the conception of naturalism to which both his thought and his temperament led him. He had none of Zola's scientific control of the medium. His sub-plots, the characters and episodes he introduced for relief, always betrayed him. In the middle of a powerful, objective narrative he could present a sentimental love story, as in "McTeague," or a lush, mystical melodrama as in "The Octopus," and treat these digressions with as much care and sincerity as he gave to his major passages, thereby revealing himself a naturalist in conception and in detail, but a romantic at heart.

Marchand's very successful study fails, I believe, at only one point. He does not devote sufficient attention to Norris's symbolism, that phase of his work in which, as with all

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artists, his power can best be judged. The epic theme of his uncompleted Wheat Trilogy, considered as symbolism, has great scope, almost as universal as Melville's white whale. It could have been developed with even greater force, for it was a symbol of the natural world, while Melville, for all his intensity, achieved only a metaphysical signification. But Norris's symbol of the growing wheat has power only as symbol and only in so far as its meaning is self-contained and not rendered explicit. Unlike Melville, whose symbolism was so vast that it absorbed all possible levels of explication, Norris is not content to present the symbolic object alone, and he rather detracts from it by his uncertain interpretation when he identifies it both with the indifference of the universe and the nisus toward the good. A symbol can always remain powerful on its own level; when its meaning is shown forth on the level of the natural world through narrative and invention it strikes a greater power and an even greater depth. Norris could not accomplish this merging of the symbolic and natural levels of art. His characters are neither great individuals nor great types, and the lives they lead seldom have more than the significance local to the story. His depiction of love, in particular, does not carry convincingly the overtones of the theme with which he sought to endow it. In "The Octopus" the symbol of the growing wheat has a lofty splendor out of all proportion to the banality of love's counterpart; in "The Pit" it disappears entirely.

But if the symbol of nature remained always outside his work, the presence of nature was fully realized. The force of his temperament and the passion of his perception seldom deserted him, and the world he depicted has color, size, and conviction. Nature may have been as much a theater as a stage, but the dramatic power with which he realized his episodes sustained even melodrama, and the figures which move through his pages show a clarity of characterization which never failed to give them life.

ISAAC ROSENFELD

Power and Justice

THE WORLD AFTER WAR. By Henry Bamford Parkes. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.50.

THOUGH Professor Parkes's discussion of post-war international problems is modest in both compass and spirit, it is more profound than most of the treatises which beat the tom-toms for this or that panacea. The author has a firm grasp of political realities. He understands the relation of power to justice. He believes that "if conceptions of justice were excluded from politics, life would not be worth living, but it is only by the exercise of power that men can enjoy the security which makes justice possible."

A part of his book is devoted to an analysis of the failure to establish a workable international order after the last war. He believes that the victorious nations failed to keep the peace largely because they failed to preserve the unity of preponderant power by which they won the war. This analysis of past failure determines his prescription for success after this war: "Those nations who make the peace settlement must retain overwhelming superiority of power

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over any nation who might wish to change it; and must be willing if necessary to use it." The United Nations "must be prepared to police the world—and they must exercise this power not for a few years only but for generations."

His answer to the problem of international anarchy will be regarded by some as an imperialistic solution. He invisages no Anglo-Saxon imperialism, but rather a kind of hierarchy of imperial unifications, with the four dominant members of the United Nations—Russia, Britain, China, and America—maintaining an indisputable hegemony. Before this solution is rejected out of hand it would be well to follow Dr. Parkes's refutation of alternative solutions.

His arguments against either the possibility or desirability of Continental federations, whether on the European continent or in the American hemisphere, seem to me quite unanswerable. The inadequacy of either a league or a federation is convincingly established. If there is to be a stable world order, there must be no question where the power lies; and responsibility and power must be commensurate.

Whether a stable peace could be achieved upon the basis of the preponderant power of the larger United Nations would depend upon their ability to remain united; whether the peace would be just would depend upon the internal and external checks which could be placed upon the exercise of preponderant power. On the first question Professor Parkes considers the various causes of friction between the four great powers and comes to the conclusion that the self-interest of each would predispose it toward the maintenance of unity and peace. On the question of the relation of the Western world to Russia he is particularly wise and measured, believing that a permanent accord with Russia is both possible and necessary. He would hold the larger nations together by something less than a federation and more than an alliance and depend upon historical forces to weld the various parts together more solidly. His whole approach is an example of historical rather than of abstract political thinking.

On the second question the author believes that the democratic character of the dominant nations would serve as an internal check upon their exercise of power. He is right in observing that the history of the past decade proves with what difficulty democratic powers can be prompted to engage even in wars of self-defense. This implies that they would be even less likely to engage in wars of aggression. The weakest part of his argument probably consists in his failure to do full justice to the peril of economic and political exploitation by the dominant powers short of actual military aggression upon weaker powers. It is this peril of injustice which drives so many good democrats to consider utopian rather than historical solutions of the world problem. There is indeed no adequate guaranty against injustice in any possible workable scheme of world order. The trouble with less dangerous schemes than the coagulation of dominant power at the center of a world order is that the peril of a new anarchy is greater, in them, than the peril of injustice in a United Nations plan.

Professor Parkes has a lively sense of the relativity of all historical justice and concedes that no one group of powers has an absolute or abstract right to maintain its rule. He goes too far, however, in finally denying that the idea of justice is relevant to international relations. He declares: "The concept of 'justice' can be applied only to the relationships of individuals and not to nations." If that were true the Nazis would be right. He implicitly refutes his own disavowal of the morality of international relations by seeking for a solution of the international problem which will guarantee both order and justice. It is of course true that no historical order ever corresponds to an abstract conception of justice, because the accidents of power do not fully correspond to the requirements of justice. That is, incidentally, as true of individual as of collective relations. Professor Parkes's lapse into moral cynicism was probably just a slip. For in his introduction he formulates the problem correctly. He declares: "Power without justice is the objective of Germany and Japan; but justice without power is too often the aim of liberal idealists."

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IN BRIEF

TRAIL OF THE MONEY BIRD. By Dillon Ripley. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

HEADHUNTING IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS. By Caroline Mytinger. The Macmillan Company. $3.

As part of a very informal expedition sailing in a fifty-foot schooner from the Atlantic coast, the author of the first of these books hunted birds in the Solomons and in New Guinea for the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences. The author of the second was half of an even more informal expedition, consisting exclusively of herself and a girl friend, which set out with no backing and very little money to do crayon portraits of the aborigines in the Solomons —the idea being that the way there and back could be paid for with portraits of white subjects picked up along the route. Both authors had the good fortune to discover a few years later that the public had developed a new interest in the regions visited, and both books give very interesting sidelights on what life is like there. Neither draws a picture likely to attract tourists, and Miss Mytinger's account of Guadalcanal is quietly hair-raising. Quite aside from topical appeal, both books are unusually interesting and unhackneyed travel literature. Mr. Ripley, who is only a beginning ornithologist and was a graduate student at Columbia when he was invited to make the trip, writes modestly and well about the birds he saw and the adventures he had. Miss Mytinger, who was probably a problem child not so very long ago, is funny as well as vivid in describing the scrapes she and her friend got out of as well as into. Of course both she and Mr. Ripley had their bouts with malaria.

EXPERIENCING AMERICAN PICTURES. By Ralph M. Pearson. Harper and Brothers. $3.75.

Contemporary American art is here assayed in the light of the formal values which modernism emphasizes. It is not found so wanting as one might expect. Mr. Pearson is perhaps too literal-minded in applying his test, and he writes very badly, but there is a basis for his every judgment, right or wrong. He has earnestness, sincerity, and knowledge. Also, he examines seriously comic strips, advertising, and magazine art, and makes some shrewd points about Bud Fisher and the *New Yorker* cartoonists. If only Mr. Pearson had the power to generalize as well as observe; as it is, his book is disjointed, and quite boring except when some specific work of art is being dealt with. Mr. Pearson is also inconsistent. He underrates John Sloan simply because Sloan puts no obvious stress upon abstract values, but he is much impressed by such painters as Castellon, Berman, and Albright, who have nothing except their bright, hard finish and showy subjects. The abstract values are present in Sloan's work all right, but they are not advertised in the way Mr. Pearson has come to expect.

POEMS OF THIS WAR BY YOUNGER POETS. Edited by Patricia Ledward and Colin Strang. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

The contributors to this English anthology have three things in common: they are all young, they are all comparatively unknown, and they are all a trifle anemic. Two or three exceptions could, at a pinch, be made; and one undoubtedly should be. The poems of David Gascoyne, and especially his Elegy for R. R., distinguish themselves by their depth of feeling and their grace of gesture; the poems of Nicholas Moore by their continually unembarrassed loquaciousness; and those of Alan Rock by their absence of fat matter and by a kind of awkward nobility. Apart, however, from these three poets, there appears to be very little call here for individual congratulations. What is finest about this anthology is the general climate of all the contributions; for under the stress of the war these poets have retained the prerogative of being themselves even to the point of the precious. It is to be regretted that, with the three exceptions named, so little has emerged from their determination.

THREE GREEK TRAGEDIES IN TRANSLATION. By David Grene. The University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

"Oedipus Tyrannus," "Prometheus Bound," and "Hippolytus" have not been too well treated by English translators, unless you care for Gilbert Murray, who has reduced all three to soda water. David Grene is not a poet; *a fortiori* not a bad poet. He has had the novel and sensible notion of rendering in prose the parts of the plays that do not reach the highest intensities; this avoids the unbearable monotony of the stiffly handled forms into which most English translators have forced the flexible Greek meters. The verse passages, in blank verse or bumpy rhythms which Grene seems to take for free verse, are less successful, but very honest with the Greek and quite free from archaisms and poetasters' clichés. The straightforward approach to the problems of translation and the excellent general introduction and penetrating critical studies of the several plays make this volume by far the best in English for readers, with tastes formed since 1914, who want a good "general impression" of Greek tragedy.

LONDON CALLING. Edited by Storm Jameson. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

As a gift, a tribute, and an apologia Storm Jameson sends us this collection of stories, essays, and poems to be sold for the U. S. O. England has no other way than this, as she explains in her introduction, of making a return for the bundles and hospitality to the children, and she hopes that the true voices of the best-known British writers may help to remove our misunderstandings that arise from ignorance. Thirty-two writers welcomed the opportunity to send contributions. The historian G. M. Trevelyan compared the first Anglo-Saxon settlements with those of their descendants in New England. Harold Laski wrote on Lincoln, Phyllis Bentley on Cooper. Rebecca West told of her domestic calamities when Alexander Woollcott came to dinner, and Noel Streatfeild shared the plucky pages of her blitz diary. There is something for every taste in this douceur given with such graciousness and good-will.

Drama Note

EVIDENCE continues to accumulate that the war is having a peculiar effect on the taste of the New York audience. Whether that audience itself is differently composed or whether the stress of the times is making it forget its sophistication—in the good as well as the bad sense of the term—I have no way of knowing, but it is repeatedly demonstrating an unmistakable disposition to accept with good grace plays which two years ago it would have scornfully recommended as suited only for the country cousin. "This Rock" (Longacre Theater) is another case in point. The notices it drew were of the sort generally regarded as fatal, and yet when I dropped in nearly a week later I found an audience which stood to applaud after the curtain had gone down. Part of the applause was no doubt a tribute to Billie Burke, who can still exhibit what was inevitably de-

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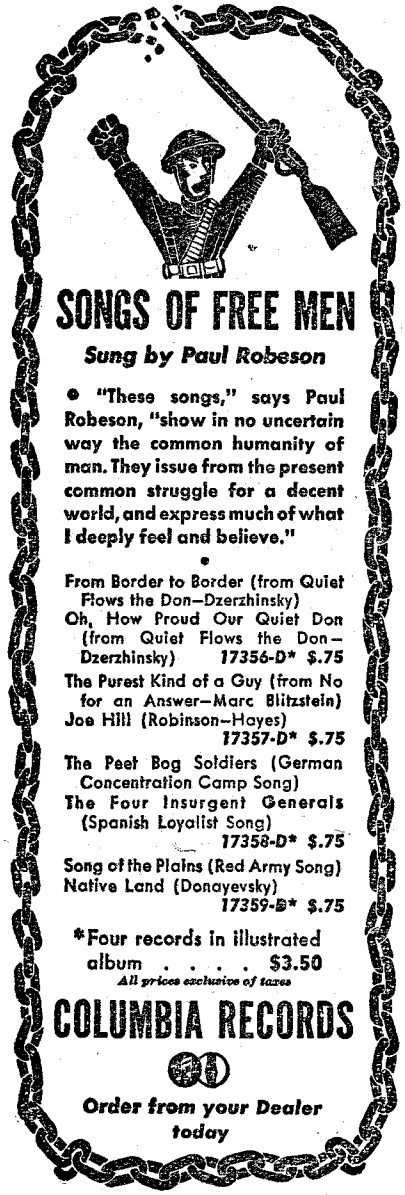
scribed as her "fluttery charm" and who has, besides, a real comedienne's gift. But I think the audience also genuinely liked the broadly sentimental piece about an English country family which learns to love the slum children wished on it by a solicitous government. It follows pretty closely the lines you would expect and inevitably includes the spoiled daughter who falls in love with the young airman born out of her class. I found myself thinking how much William Winter would have liked the play and of the review he would inevitably have written, drawing the contrast between its healthy feeling and the morbidity of Ibsen or the impudence of Shaw. But the audience of 1943 is also evidently in the mood for simple pleasures, and "This Rock" is competently written and well played—by the standards appropriate to drama on this level.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH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MUSIC

BERNARD SHAW, writing in 1892, speaks of Verdi's "Trovatore," "Ballo in Maschera," "Ernani," and so on as "that ultra-classical product of Romanticism, the grandiose Italian opera in which the executive art consists in a splendid display of personal heroics, and the drama arises out of the simplest and most universal stimulants to them." Having defined the executive art they require, he ascribes the popular misconception of them to "performances in which the superb distinction and heroic force of the male characters, and the tragic beauty of the women, have been burlesqued by performers with every sort of disqualification for such parts, from age and obesity to the most excruciating phases of physical insignificance and modern cockney vulgarity." Describing them as "that dynasty of execrable impostors in tights and tunics, interpolating their loathsome B flats into the beautiful melodies they could not sing, and swelling with conceit when they were able to finish 'Di quella pira' with a high C capable of making a stranded man-of-war recoil off a reef into mid-ocean," he says that to blame Verdi is "much as if Dickens had blamed Shakespeare for the absurdities of Mr. Wopsle."

Today at the Metropolitan one hears "La Forza del Destino" conducted by Bruno Walter with respect, affection, care, and musical understanding; one hears the work as a whole, treated in this way, come into existence with validity, power, style; one hears not only the dramatic force of the music but its loveliness, its exquisitely wrought delicacy. But the "superb distinction and heroic force of the male characters and the tragic beauty of the women" are still burlesqued by the unimpressive appearance, the lunging and clutching and arm-waving of Kurt Baum, Leonard Warren, and Zinka Milanov, whom I heard at an evening performance; by the bellowing of Mr. Baum throughout the evening, except for the few moments when he lay wounded and, singing quietly, sang with surprising beauty of voice and phrasing; by the occasional shouting of Mr. Warren, who when he did not shout charmed the ear with the rich sonority of his voice; by the occasional tremolo-ridden shrieking of Miss Milanov, who at other times produced sounds of ravishing beauty. Ezio Pinza, on the other hand, was, as always, impressive in appearance, movement, and singing.

The lunging and clutching and arm-waving don't occur only in performances of Verdi's operas; they are the absurd clichés and mannerisms to which most singers reduce the plastic movement that is—like the singing of the words which makes it necessary—one of the expressive means, one of the conventions of opera. In itself this convention is no more absurd than any other; it becomes absurd only when it is absurdly used; and what dignity, expressiveness, and force it can have one may observe in the Orfeo, the Fricka, the Marina of Kerstin Thorborg. And what it can be when it is the medium of one of those singing actors who command stage and audience like sovereigns by their mere presence, their imagination and feeling, their communicative intensity, one may observe in the Leonore, the Marschallin, the Elisabeth, the Sieglinde of Lotte Lehmann. One may observe them, that is, in so far as the Metropolitan permits; and one of the things the Metropolitan has to answer for is the fact that during the years when Lehmann was still singing Leonore in Salzburg the American public was deprived of an impersonation which takes its place in operatic history with things like Chaliapin's Boris.

The Metropolitan's production of Strauss's "Rosenkavalier," however, still offers Lehmann's Marschallin, which remains a wonderful and affecting achievement even though much of the subtle detail of the impersonation and much of the singing do not reach a person in row Z of the huge auditorium. It creates, in fact, the one bit of reality and truth not only amid the clutter of cliché and mannerism of the performance but amid the clutter of the trashy work itself. Of the other principals in the performance I attended Eleanor Steber, when she got rid of an initial tremolo, sang the part of Sophie exquisitely; Risë Stevens, the Oktavian, did not get rid of her tremolo throughout the evening; Emanuel List half-talked his way through the part of Baron Ochs with the quavering remains of a voice; Julius Huehn's Faninal was one of the Metropolitan's most grotesque errors in casting; and Elwood Gary sang the Italian aria well. Having read about Erich Leinsdorf's unauthoritative conducting, I watched and listened to his work very attentively, and found it technically expert and authoritative and musically effective. But then I have no ax to grind.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Let the "Sun" Rise

Dear Sirs: As a subscriber to *The Nation,* may I thank you for the two excellent articles by Keith Hutchison in which he tells The Truth About the A. P.? I'm speaking for myself, but I believe I express the gratitude of all Chicagoans. We are keenly interested in the Department of Justice's case against the A. P. because we want to see our new morning newspaper, the Chicago *Sun,* get the break it deserves.

As you know, for many years we have had to swallow the "news" as it is manufactured by the Chicago *Tribune.* Pick up almost any issue of the *Tribune,* and you'll find at least one-half of the first page devoted to editorials, made to look like news, attacking the New Deal, especially Washington personalities. For weeks now we've read about Harry Hopkins's dinner, and recently New York City has been bitterly attacked (it seems that some brass hat from Washington was spotted in a New York night club).

Marshall Field has been making every possible effort to give Chicago a good morning newspaper. He hasn't hesitated to fire expensive talent which failed to capture the Chicago outlook. He has added many fine columnists. Some of these are pro-New Deal and some of them are anti-New Deal. He has promoted persons in lesser positions to jobs of real responsibility if they showed talent. (Recently he made Milburn P. Akers, his political editor, the managing editor—and excellent results are already evident.)

I mention these points because they show that Mr. Field is genuinely interested in giving Chicago the best—and it is entitled to the best. It is entitled, among other things, to the A. P. wire service. The people of Chicago—and not Mr. Field—will benefit from it. Heaven knows he has all the money he needs, all the fame, all the everything that a man could ask for. When selfish members of the A. P. deny the *Sun* their service, they are robbing the people, not the owner of the paper.

Mr. Field's competitor, Bertie McCormick, continually harps on the freedom of the press. There are columns of space devoted to the subject in his paper, and recently he began a series of radio talks. He believes in freedom of the press—so long as it applies to the *Tribune.* He doesn't believe in it for the *Sun.* He simply says that the *Sun* is not a newspaper!

Perhaps your readers know that the *Tribune* has printed articles and cartoons viciously attacking Mr. Field. It has called him almost everything in the book, concentrating particularly on his social activities and his war record. The *Tribune's* point of view is that the *Sun* doesn't deserve Chicago's support, because it doesn't like the publisher personally.

One more example of the two newspapers' handling of news: The *Sun* has printed (with special permission) the A. P.'s point of view in the Department of Justice's case against it. The *Sun* has refrained from editorials on the subject. On the other hand, the *Tribune* twists every story pertaining to the case to suit its own selfish interest.

I don't know how the case will come out. The members of the A. P. are powerful and influential. One thing is sure: If the *Tribune* and the A. P. win the case, then neither newspapers nor the American people deserve freedom of the press, or freedom of anything else.

STEPHEN TEDOR

Chicago, February 13

Oxenstierna

Dear Sirs: Well, what the devil *did* Oxenstierna say 300 years ago? (See Albert Guérard's review of "The Road to Vichy" in your issue of February 13.)

LOWBROW MORON

New York, February 13

Dear Sirs: in re Oxenstierna.

Text: Oxenstierna, Swedish chancellor at the time of the Thirty Years' War, told his son: "Go, my son, and see with how little wisdom the world is governed."

Commentary: We are told, from day to day, "Be still, children: Father knows best!" We realize, from year to year and from decade to decade, Father's egregious mistakes. I believe John Doe, the common man, has a sounder conception of diplomacy than the Career Boys. Not that John Doe is more intelligent, or better informed, than Metternich or Talleyrand. But because they are "realists," the professionals think in terms of the past: the past is "real," the future is "shadowy." Therefore they pay excessive attention to vested interests which are inevitably special interests. Their one desire is to preserve or restore the status quo, perfectly defined as "the mess we are in."

It was said that "the machine is an excellent servant but a bad master." The same ought to be said of professional diplomacy. John Doe's heart is in the right place. Let him assert himself. He wants a saner world and should not be gypped out of it by the clever subrealists.

ALBERT GUERARD

Stanford University, Cal., February 20

Karolyi and Bela Kun

Dear Sirs: Revolutions intrinsically tend to extremes. This is probably the reason why the Gironde is never successful and only history decides in its favor. It is gratifying, therefore, that Lucien Vogel, in his brilliant analysis of legitimacy published in your issue of February 3, discounted the final judgment of Clio on the government of Count Michael Karolyi in 1918. May I correct two slight errors marring his otherwise flawless argument? When General d'Espérey, or rather the Big Four, refused to recognize the Karolyi government, there was as yet no Hungarian white army. This army was organized many months later at Szeged under the protection of the French occupation forces.

Of more importance is the erroneous statement that Karolyi "released from prison the Communist leader, Bela Kun, and turned the government over to him." This happens to be one of the conventional historical lies on which the Horthy regime forged the moral foundation of its existence. In two judgments passed in the trials of the People's Commissars and Matthias Rakosi (whose counsel I was), the court, referring to conclusive evidence, declared in the reasoning of the sentences that Karolyi or his government neither released the imprisoned Communist leaders nor turned the government over to them. What, indeed, happened was that Karolyi hoped to appoint a Social Democratic government to get the support of the proletariat against pressure brought upon him by unjustified demands of the Allies. Meanwhile, a member of his government, with two Socialist leaders, came to terms with the

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imprisoned Communists. The staging of this putsch was easy because the strongest unions were under Communist influence.

To question this judicial statement would be inadmissible, for the courts in Horthy's Hungary were and are certainly not biased in favor of Karolyi. In the light of the adage, *On n'est jamais trahi que par les siens,* he always will be the arch-traitor of the Magyar fascist-feudal caste.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

New York, February 16

"The Itching Parrot"

Dear Sirs: It may seem a long way back to the review by Lionel Trilling—in your issue of March 28 last—of the Mexican classic "The Itching Parrot" by José Joaquín Fernández de Lizardi, of which an English translation by Katherine Anne Porter has appeared under the imprint of Doubleday, Doran and Company. A sheer coincidence made me reread the review: a friend presented me with a copy of the Spanish original—an almost unobtainable book in England just now—and the evening I finished what I believe to be a fourth perusal of "El Periquillo sarniento" I came across the back number of *The Nation* with the review. Naturally, I compared my own impressions of the book with those of the reviewer, and the first query that came to my mind was: are my impressions based on the original only—for I have not seen the translation—and are the reviewer's based only on the translation? I think it must be so, because, to judge from the review, the translator does not seem to have achieved the impossible. Your reviewer says: "Miss Porter's translation is a model of firm, simple prose in the manner of the eighteenth-century masters of realism; but she tells us that the allusive and obscene language of the original will not submit to translation." Miss Porter's contention is right, and I hope she will not take it amiss if I add that Lizardi's Spanish is very far from being firm, simple prose and that to transmogrify his highly flexible vernacular—indeed, conversational—Spanish into firm, simple English is to transform an itching parrot into a somewhat sedate and tidy macaw without an itch on his whole body! Does that explain, perhaps, why your reviewer found the book a bore?

There need be, however, no mistake about one thing. This book does contain if not *the* secret at least some of the best interpretations and presentation of Mexican psychology to be found in literature. It can be compared with the Chilean work "El Roto" and the Argentine works "Don Segundo Sombra" and "Martin Fierro," for in a sense it does for Mexico what those books have done for the southern republics.

The Mexican reader can see in it reflections of the workings of his own mind; and that is its principal secret. No blame to the translator for not being able to make those of us with entirely different traditions and psychological make-up see in it the workings of *our* minds; the genius of the two languages is so different, and the difficulties of translation so great, that most of the subtlety of the original must be inevitably lost. To translate such works is like trying to make a dish of tamales into a dish of Irish stew. No literature is more difficult to convey in translation than Spanish; the same may be said of Spanish American classics. Not one translation conveys one-half of what is in "Don Quijote."

Your reviewer does not think that any great original powers of intellect can be claimed for the author of "The Itching Parrot." In company with dozens of the best Mexican critics, and those of other countries also, I disagree —absolutely. For, in spite of the faults and blemishes in the book, one has to admit that the author succeeded in the difficult task of giving us an entirely convincing and in parts very amusing picture of a complex period in the history of his country. He has produced a most valuable social document, some say the transcendental novel of Mexico, with remarkable sketches of representative types and keen psychological insight into the vices and virtues of a very solid section of his people—all written in a most readable if not academically perfect style. The picture and the types are drawn so clearly that when one sees them one grasps the reason for much of Mexico's history. Such an achievement, surely, indicates considerable powers of intellect. Of how many English or American novels can one say the same?

"The Itching Parrot" is without any doubt a "key book" for those—especially foreigners—who wish to understand Mexico. Hence, the translator has rendered a great service, and if she has not entirely succeeded in producing the perfect last-word translation, to judge by your reviewer's tribute she has produced one pleasant to read which should help and encourage those who might some day tackle the original. For, as with every great book written in Spanish, or any other language, it is always the original which contains most, and this book is the gateway to an understanding of the country which seems destined to have a profound influence on Spanish America of the future. It is therefore of first-class importance.

CHARLES DUFF,
Editor, *Spanish News Letter,*
Translator of Quevedo's Works

London, January 9

Miss Porter Adds a Comment

Dear Sirs: A number of persons, some of them good friends, all of them well disposed to my work, have confessed that they simply (simply!) could not be interested in "The Itching Parrot." Some of them don't like picaresque novels in any language. Others thought it not a good example of the kind. And others thought it was cut too much. (I agree.) This dismayed me as translator, for I found the book interesting in Spanish and naturally have an indulgent eye for the curtailed version in English. This is not altogether self-love, for I had a regiment (or anyway a squad) of collaborators and advisers, some of them extremely well informed on the subject and all of them marvelously opinionated. Also I was guided in the first working over by a *borador* made by Mr. Pressly, a good knowledgeable, if sketchy, translation. Toward the end I took flight in the most cowardly manner, leaving the manuscript to its fate, pretending not to know what was being done to it; and I am not half so sorry as I should be, perhaps, when I consider the great number of serious, good criticisms I have had by letter from real authorities in the Spanish language, Spanish and South American literature, and intelligent admirers of Lizardi. And I feel that Mr. Elder certainly made the very best of his part of a bad bargain, for the final cutting is pretty adroit, I think.

My share in the book has been well rewarded in Mr. Duff's scholarly and courteous defense of my motives and methods in publishing the book in its present—and first—English version. He is most reassuring. All my gratitude to Mr. Duff for supporting me in the matter of untranslatable idiom, slang, and double meanings. The only way to translate them would be to hold up the progress of the story with a paragraph of explanation for every such word or phrase. For example: "*Todo lana es*

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pelo," or "All wool is hair." Is that all? Why, how pointless. Indeed? Look it up in the dictionary. As for my tidying up the Parrot, and turning him into a Macaw, that may have happened. But I did not assume "the manner of the eighteenth-century masters of realism." That manner is Lizardi's, and I found it comfortable because of the special influence upon me of eighteenth-century English prose: notably that of Lawrence Sterne; and Lizardi's style comes into English in just that manner. Even his slang, his racy phrases, have a mixture of formality in them, and as for the straightaway course, I open the book at random and translate at sight the first paragraph under my eye: "That which they call Fortune appeared quickly to have wearied of favoring me. I formed a close friendship with two rich merchants of Vera Cruz, who proposed to me that I should share with them in the negotiation of certain interesting contraband on board the frigate Amphytrite. . . ." Call that what you please, firm and simple, or eighteenth-century, or just plain prose, it is as near an exact translation as my mortal powers will allow. . . .

I have always been in favor of publishing the full and complete document, whatever it may be. I detest edited historical papers, novels cut in half when brought from one language to another. Yet, in the end, I consented and for a good reason. There was absolutely no prospect of getting it published in the original form. I should know, after ten years' trying, and fourteen publishers' rejections. I have the first version, in four big fat typewritten volumes, with a map of Mexico City for 1770 or thereabouts, a portrait of Lizardi, and the illustrations which appeared in the 1884 edition. They will probably never see daylight. The present version, I decided, was certainly better than none, for Mr. Duff is right in his belief that the book is important, and for precisely the reasons he gives.

As an inadequate expression of my thanks to Mr. Duff, I shall send him a copy of the translation, to judge for himself. (God willing that there is room for it on a ship and the ship shall arrive.) I stand by the translation, what there is of it. I wish it were all to do over again, perhaps it would be better next time. I shall be glad to see a full translation published by someone else. I can't do it again, there is not time, I must go on to the next thing. . . .

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

Ballston Spa, N. Y., February 15

The Truth Is . . .

Dear Sirs: In *The Nation* of February 6 there appeared the regular Washington report of I. F. Stone, in the first part of which the writer discussed our government's decision to send a commission to investigate labor affairs in Bolivia. In discussing the composition of the commission Mr. Stone made the following comment, in utter disregard of the real facts: "The commission was picked at the State Department, and this may explain the absence of a C. I. O. member."

The truth is that a C. I. O. member was appointed and will most probably be in Bolivia by the time you read this letter. His name is Martin C. Kyne, an executive vice-president of the United Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store Employees of America.

JOSEPH GODSON, Publicity Director, United Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store Employees of America

New York, February 8

Dear Sirs: The truth is, as Mr. Godson should have known, that the C. I. O. had a very difficult time getting the State Department to add a C. I. O. man to the commission, that Mr. Kyne was not appointed until after the rest of the commission had been named, and that my letter was written before Kyne was added to the commission.

I. F. STONE

Washington, February 15

Double Edge

Dear Sirs: Thanks very much for the poetry review by H. P. Lazarus in your issue of January 16. It struck home. for over twenty years I have been trying to understand the modern poets—particularly the poems published in *The Nation.*

M. M. FLANDERS

Chicago, Ill., February 7

Here's Hoping

Dear Sirs: Here's hoping that the final outcome of your campaign against the State Department is successful; that the democratic interpretation of policy accompanies our boys and our flag to foreign soil. It is more than a shame that good American lives should be lost for causes that are nullified by the unenlightened diplomacy in "high places."

Rip Van Winkle woke up after twenty years. If the State Department is to come to sooner than that illustrious gentleman, the people will have to shake it rudely.

I. RESTES

New York, February 12

Thank You

Dear Sirs: Because of some particularly excellent recent numbers of *The Nation,* I cannot help thanking you for every article and for every word.

I am at a loss to say what I appreciate most—articles, essays or editorials. Each inconspicuous review of books or music is perfect. It is significant of the high level of your contributors that an article such as Britain Is Not Amused is bound to bear most effectively on the mind of the reader, although the facts are obsolete

FREDERICK BARDACH

Milwaukee, Wis., February 24

CONTRIBUTORS

JAMES G. PATTON is the militant young president of the National Farmers' Union. Committed to a policy of "security of the farm family . . . in an economy of abundance," the N. F. U. has become a major rival of the conservative "farm-bloc" organizations which have traditionally dominated American agriculture.

IRWIN EDMAN, professor of philosophy at Columbia University, has just returned from a trip covering many of the campuses of the Middle West.

RICHARD M. BENNETT, practicing architect and products designer, is assistant professor of architecture at Yale and visiting lecturer at Vassar.

JULIUS DEUTSCH, former Secretary of War of Austria, and a general in the Spanish Republican army, is now working in the European Council of the Free World Association.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL, professor of English at Loyola University, is the author of "Literary Opinion in America."

BJARNE BRAATOY is a Norwegian author and journalist. In the recent reorganization of the foreign propaganda service of the Office of War Information he was appointed chief for Region 4, which covers the Scandinavian countries and the Baltic states.

MARCUS DUFFIELD is on the staff of the New York *Herald Tribune,*

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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CROSS-WORD PUZZLERS!

Please Notice

that with this week's cross-word puzzle all blind letters have been permanently eliminated. If you had an easy time with puzzles Nos. 1 and 2, you will find No. 3 and subsequent ones much more difficult to solve.

We repeat: The continuance of this new feature depends largely upon the response from puzzle fans. Make sure to send us your suggestions and recommendations. Tell us if you want us to continue these puzzles. Tell us whether you prefer other types of puzzles—political, geographical, literary, or cryptogrammic brain-teasers.

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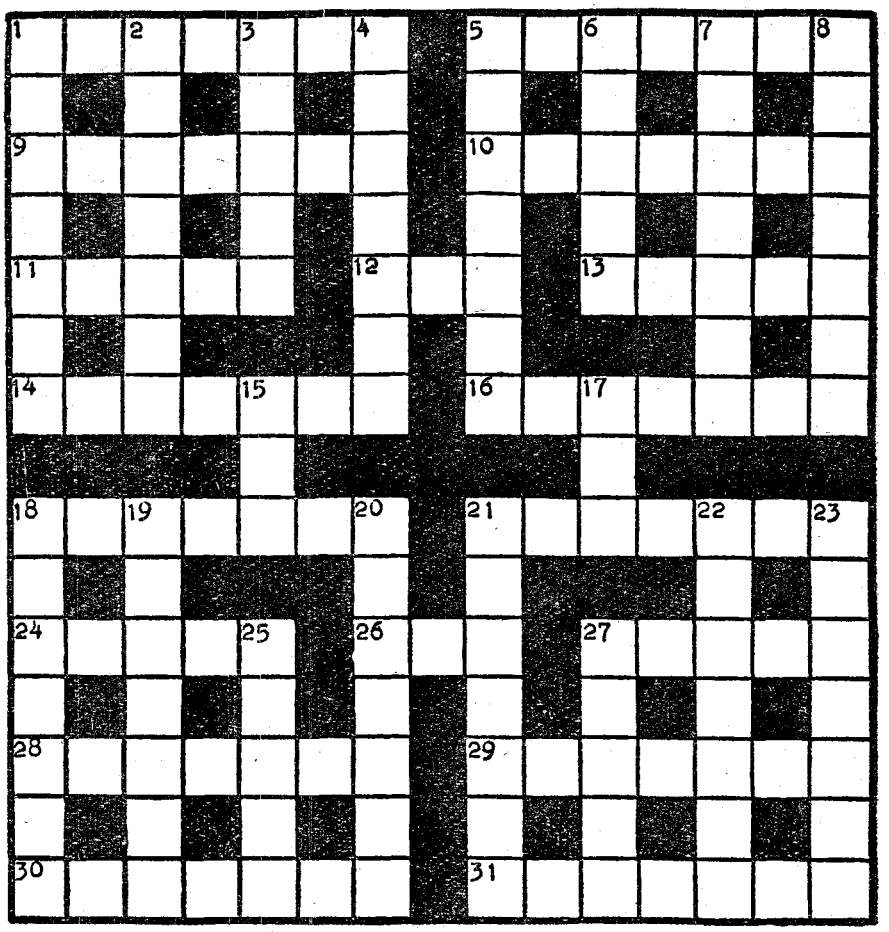
3-6-43

Cross-Word Puzzle No. 3

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Father embraces the leading lady and is revealed for what he is
5 Sounds like a lugger, but it's a different sort of vessel
9 Little ones fell great oaks, according to Poor Richard
10 Property, and when backward they are set at S.E.
11 Feminine name
12 One great country in a thousand
13 A slow coach, judged by modern standards
14 Train without wheels
16 Liberality, with a capital letter
18 *The tale* is altered
21 These supporters may be spongers, and they quit when the fighting starts
24 Overseas telegram, or undersea wire
26 Bovine remark
27 A way they have in church
28 First thing Henry VIII decided to do when he came to the throne (two words, 3 and 4)
29 Effusive people, but welcome to oil prospectors
30 If you want *retorts* to be emphatic, try this for a change
31 "Go on, Ann!" (anagram)

DOWN

1 *A spider* is mixed up in this hopeless condition
2 Might take the form of a *present*, but it wouldn't be a very welcome one
3 A low joint, but not in the vulgar sense
4 "I am monarch of all I survey, My right there is none to ------" (Alex. Selkirk)
5 Form of *elation* that is the limit of your understanding
6 Barred entrances
7 Wanton mischief that might make a *goat rue*
8 Trying persons
15 Born in need
17 This bird would surely want to take a peck!
18 Makes a charge, though it sounds like what the polite marker may offer you
19 *Tabitha* reveals her place of abode
20 Stoats in their winter coats
21 As its head suggests, the effects of this cordial are not exceptionally rapid (two words, 4 and 3)
22 Something put by for a rainy day, perhaps (hyphen, 4 and 3)
23 Hat popularized by cowboys
25 Oh, run away and get married!
27 The parson loses his head and turns to crime

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2

ACROSS:—1 COMET; 4 EDITORIAL; 9 CARBINE; 10 HAUNTED; 11 ROLL; 12 SEDAN; 13 OGRE; 16 ASSAULT; 17 LITERAL; 19 HOBNAIL; 22 AILMENT; 24 MARY; 25 MADAM; 26 BEAR; 29 MANGLED; 30 DIURNAL; 31 CATAMARAN; 32 TARRY.

DOWN:—1 COCKROACH; 2 MARBLES; 3 THIN; 4 EVEREST; 5 ISHMAEL; 6 ONUS; 7 INTEGER; 8 LODGE; 14 DUMAS; 15 STYLE; 18 LATERALLY; 20 BARONET; 21 LEANDER; 22 ABANDON; 23 ELEANOR; 24 MIMIC; 27 PLUM; 28 BUST.

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